

BALLADS
OF A CHEECHAKO



ROBERT W. SERVICE

Christmas, 1937.


To Robin Allison.
Norton Maine.
Roxbury.

from

J. M^{rs} Laren
Thomasan College.
Roxbury.

From Betty.
Sept. 1913.

BALLADS OF A CHEECHAKO



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BALLADS OF A CHEECHIAKO

BY
ROBERT W. SERVICE

AUTHOR OF
"SONGS OF A SOURDOUGH"



TORONTO
WILLIAM BRIGGS
1911

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BY ROBERT W. SERVICE

To the Man of the High North

*MY rhymes are rough, and often in my rhyming
I've drifted, silver-sailed, on seas of dream,
Hearing afar the bells of Elfland chiming,
Seeing the groves of Arcadie agleam.*

*I was the thrall of Beauty that rejoices
From peak snow-diademed to regal star;
Yet to mine aerie ever pierced the voices,
The pregnant voices of the Things That Are.*

*The Here, the Now, the vast Forlorn around us;
The gold-delirium, the feline strife;
The lusts that lure us on, the hates that hound
us;
Our red rags in the patch-work quilt of Life.*

TO THE MAN OF THE HIGH NORTH

*The nameless men who nameless rivers travel,
And in strange valleys greet strange deaths
alone;*

*The grim, intrepid ones who would unravel
The mysteries that shroud the Polar Zone.*

*These will I sing, and if one of you linger
Over my pages in the Long, Long Night,
And on some lone line lay a calloused finger,
Saying: "It's human-true—it hits me right:"
Then will I count this loving toil well spent:
Then will I dream awhile—content, content.*

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BALLADS OF
— A —
CHEECHAKO

Men of the High North

MEN of the High North, the wild sky is blazing;
Islands of opal float on silver seas;
Swift splendors kindle, barbaric, amazing;
Pale ports of amber, golden argosies.
Ringed all around us the proud peaks are glowing;
Fierce chiefs in council, their wigwam the sky;
Far, far below us the big Yukon flowing,
Like threaded quicksilver, gleams to the eye.

Men of the High North, you who have known it;
You in whose hearts its splendors have abode;
Can you renounce it, can you disown it?
Can you forget it, its glory and its goad?
Where is the hardship, where is the pain of it?
Lost in the limbo of things you've forgot;
Only remain the guerdon and gain of it,
Zest of the foray—and God, how you fought!

You who have made good, you foreign faring;
 You money magic to far lands has whirled;
Can you forget those days of vast daring,
 There with your soul on the Top o' the World?
Nights when no peril could keep you awake on
 Spruce boughs you spread for your couch in
 the snow;
Taste all your feasts like the beans and the bacon
 Fried at the camp-fire at forty below?

Can you remember your huskies all going,
 Barking with joy and their brushes in air;
You in your parki, glad-eyed and glowing,
 Monarch, your subjects the wolf and the bear?
Monarch, your kingdom unravisht and gleaming;
 Mountains your throne, and a river your car;
Crash of a bull moose to rouse you from dream-
 ing;
Forest your couch, and your candle a star.

You who this faint day the High North is luring
 Unto her vastness, taintlessly sweet;
You who are steel-braced, straight-lipped, en-
 during,
Dreadless in danger and dire in defeat:

Honor the High North ever and ever,

Whether she crown you, or whether she slay;
Suffer her fury, cherish and love her—

He who would rule he must learn to obey.

Men of the High North, fierce mountains love
you;

Proud rivers leap when you ride on their
breast.

See, the austere sky, pensive above you,

Dons all her jewels to smile on your rest.

Children of Freedom, scornful of frontiers,

We who are weaklings honor your worth.

Lords of the wilderness, Princes of Pioneers,

Let's have a rouse that will ring round the
earth.

The Ballad of the Northern Lights

ONE of the Down and Out—that's me. Stare at
me well, ay, stare!

Stare and shrink—say! you wouldn't think that
I was a millionaire.

Look at my face, it's crimped and gouged—one
of them death-mask things;

Don't seem the sort of man, do I, as might be
the pal of kings?

Slouching along in smelly rags, a bleary-eyed,
no-good bum;

A knight of the hollow needle, pard, spewed
from the sodden slum.

Look me all over from head to foot; how much
would you think I was worth?

A dollar? a dime? a nickel? Why, *I'm the
wealthiest man on earth.*

Beauty that repels
From your own chambers to the sea



No, don't you think that I'm off my base. You'll
sing a different tune
If only you'll let me spin my yarn. Come over
to this saloon;
Wet my throat—it's as dry as chalk, and seeing
as how it's you,
I'll tell the tale of a Northern trail, and so help
me God, it's true.
I'll tell of the howling wilderness and the hag-
gard arctic heights,
Of a reckless vow that I made, and how *I staked*
the Northern Lights.

Remember the year of the Big Stampede and the
Trail of Ninety-eight,
When the eyes of the world were turned to the
North, and the hearts of men elate;
Hearts of the old dare-devil breed thrilled at the
wondrous strike,
And to every man who could hold a pan came
the message, "Up and hike."
Well, I was there with the best of them, and I
knew I would not fail.
You wouldn't believe it to see me now; but wait
till you've heard my tale.

You've read of the Trail of Ninety-eight, but its
 woe no man may tell;
It was all of a piece and a whole yard wide, and
 the name of the brand was "Hell."
We heard the call and we staked our all; we
 were plungers playing blind,
And no man cared how his neighbor fared, and
 no man looked behind;
For a ruthless greed was born of need, and the
 weakling went to the wall,
And a curse might avail where a prayer would
 fail, and the gold-lust crazed us all.

Bold were we, and they called us three the "Un-
 holy Trinity;"
There was Ole Olson, the sailor Swede, and the
 Dago Kid and me.
We were the discards of the pack, the foreloopers
 of Unrest,
Reckless spirits of fierce revolt in the ferment
 of the West.
We were bound to win and we revelled in the
 hardships of the way.
We staked our ground and our hopes were
 crowned, and we hoisted out the pay.
We were rich in a day beyond our dreams, it was
 gold from the grass-roots down;

But we weren't used to such sudden wealth, and
there was the siren town.

We were crude and careless frontiersmen, with
much in us of the beast;

We could bear the famine worthily, but we lost
our heads at the feast.

The town looked mighty bright to us, with a
bunch of dust to spend,

And nothing was half too good them days, and
everyone was our friend.

Wining meant more than mining then, and life
was a dizzy whirl,

Gambling and dropping chunks of gold down the
neck of a dance-hall girl;

Till we went clean mad, it seems to me, and we
squandered our last poke,

And we sold our claim, and we found ourselves
one bitter morning—broke.

The Dago Kid he dreamed a dream of his
mother's aunt who died—

In the dawn-light dim she came to him, and she
stood by his bedside,

And she said: "Go forth to the highest North
till a lonely trail ye find;

Follow it far and trust your star, and fortune
will be kind."

But I jeered at him, and then there came the
Sailor Swede to me,
And he said: "I dreamed of my sister's son, who
croaked at the age of three.
From the herded dead he sneaked and said:
'Seek you an Arctic trail;
'Tis pale and grim by the Polar rim, but seek and
ye shall not fail.'"
And lo! that night I too did dream of my
mother's sister's son,
And he said to me: "By the Arctic Sea there's
a treasure to be won.
Follow and follow a lone moose trail, till you
come to a valley grim,
On the slope of the lonely watershed that borders
the Polar brim."
Then I woke my pals, and soft we swore by the
mystic Silver Flail,
'Twas the hand of Fate, and to-morrow straight
we would seek the lone moose trail.

We watched the groaning ice wrench free, crash
on with a hollow din;
Men of the wilderness were we, freed from the
taint of sin.
The mighty river snatched us up and it bore us
swift along;

The days were bright, and the morning light was
sweet with jewelled song.

We poled and lined up nameless streams, por-
taged o'er hill and plain;

We burnt our boat to save the nails, and built
our boat again;

We guessed and groped, North, ever North, with
many a twist and turn;

We saw ablaze in the deathless days the splendid
sunsets burn.

O'er soundless lakes where the grayling makes a
rush at the clumsy fly;

By bluffs so steep that the hard-hit sheep falls
sheer from out the sky;

By lilled pools where the bull moose cools and
wallows in huge content;

By rocky lairs where the pig-eyed bears peered
at our tiny tent.

Through the black canyon's angry foam we
hurled to dreamy bars,

And round in a ring the dog-nosed peaks bayed
to the mocking stars.

Spring and summer and autumn went; the sky
had a tallow gleam,

Yet North and ever North we pressed to the land
of our Golden Dream.

24 The Ballad of the Northern Lights

So we came at last to a tundra vast, and dark
 and grim and lone,
And there was the little lone moose trail, and we
 knew it for our own.
By muskeg hollow and nigger-head it wandered
 endlessly;
Sorry of heart and sore of foot, weary men were
 we.
The short-lived sun had a leaden glare and the
 darkness came too soon,
And stationed there with a solemn stare was the
 pinched, anaemic moon.
Silence and silvern solitude till it made you
 dumbly shrink,
And you thought to hear with an outward ear
 the things you thought to think.

Oh, it was wild and weird and wan, and ever in
 camp o' nights
We would watch and watch the silver dance of
 the mystic Northern Lights.
And soft they danced from the Polar sky and
 swept in primrose haze;
And swift they pranced with their silver feet,
 and pierced with a blinding blaze.
They danced a cotillion in the sky; they were
 rose and silver shod;

The Ballad of the Northern Lights 25

It was not good for the eyes of man—'twas a
sight for the eyes of God.

It made us mad and strange and sad, and the
gold whereof we dreamed

Was all forgot, and our only thought was of the
lights that gleamed.

Oh, the tundra sponge it was golden brown, and
some was a bright blood-red;

And the reindeer moss gleamed here and there
like the tombstones of the dead.

And in and out and around about the little trail
ran clear,

And we hated it with a deadly hate and we
feared with a deadly fear.

And the skies of night were alive with light, with
a throbbing, thrilling flame;

Amber and rose and violet, opal and gold it came.

It swept the sky like a giant scythe, it quivered
back to a wedge;

Argently bright, it cleft the night with a wavy
golden edge.

Pennants of silver waved and streamed, lazy
banners unfurled;

Sudden splendors of sabres gleamed, lightning
javelins were hurled.

There in our awe we crouched and saw with our
 wild, uplifted eyes
 Charge and retire the hosts of fire in the battle-
 field of the skies.

But all things come to an end at last, and the
 muskeg melted away,
 And frowning down to bar our path a muddle of
 mountains lay.
 And a gorge sheered up in granite walls, and the
 moose trail crept betwixt—
 'Twas as if the earth had gaped too far and her
 stony jaws were fixt.
 Then the winter fell with a sudden swoop, and
 the heavy clouds sagged low,
 And earth and sky were blotted out in a whirl
 of driving snow.

We were climbing up a glacier in the neck of a
 mountain pass,
 When the Dago Kid slipped down and fell into
 a deep crevasse.
 When we got him out one leg hung limp, and his
 brow was wreathed with pain,
 And he says: "'Tis badly broken, boys, and I'll
 never walk again.

It's death for all if ye linger here, and that's no
cursèd lie;

Go on, go on while the trail is good, and leave
me down to die."

He raved and swore, but we tended him with our
uncouth, clumsy care.

The camp-fire gleamed and he gazed and dreamed
with a fixed and curious stare.

Then all at once he grabbed my gun and he put
it to his head,

And he says: "I'll fix it for you, boys"—them
are the words he said.

So we sewed him up in a canvas sack and we
slung him to a tree;

And the stars like needles stabbed our eyes, and
woeful men were we.

And on we went on our woeful way, wrapped in
a daze of dream,

And the Northern Lights in the crystal nights
came forth with a mystic gleam.

They danced and they danced the devil-dance
over the naked snow;

And soft they rolled like a tide upshoaled with a
ceaseless ebb and flow.

They rippled green with a wondrous sheen, they
fluttered out like a fan;

28 The Ballad of the Northern Lights

They spread with a blaze of rose-pink rays never
yet seen of man.

They writhed like a brood of angry snakes, hissing
and sulphur-pale;

Then swift they changed to a dragon vast, lashing
a cloven tail.

It seemed to us, as we gazed aloft with an everlasting
stare,

The sky was a pit of bale and dread, and a
monster revelled there.

We climbed the rise of a hog-back range that was
desolate and drear,

When the Sailor Swede had a crazy fit, and he
got to talking queer.

He talked of his home in Oregon and the peach
trees all in bloom,

And the fern head-high, and the topaz sky, and
the forest's scented gloom.

He talked of the sins of his misspent life, and
then he seemed to brood,

And I watched him there like a fox a hare, for I
knew it was not good.

And sure enough in the dim dawn light I missed
him from the tent,

And a fresh trail broke through the crusted
snow, and I knew not where it went.

But I followed it o'er the seamless waste, and I
found him at shut of day,
Naked there as a new-born babe—so I left him
where he lay.

Day after day was sinister, and I fought fierce-
eyed despair,

And I clung to life, and I struggled on, I knew
not why nor where.

I packed my grub in short relays, and I cowered
down in my tent,

And the world around was purged of sound like
a frozen continent.

Day after day was dark as death, but ever and
ever at nights,

With a brilliancy that grew and grew, blazed up
the Northern Lights.

They rolled around with a soundless sound like
softly bruised silk;

They poured into the bowl of the sky with the
gentle flow of milk.

In eager, pulsing violet their wheeling chariots
came,

Or they poised above the Polar rim like a coronal
of flame.

From depths of darkness fathomless their lancing
rays were hurled,

Like the all-combining search-lights of the navies
of the world.

There on the roof-pole of the world as one bewitched I gazed,

And howled and grovelled like a beast as the awful splendors blazed.

My eyes were seared, yet thrall'd I peered through the parki hood nigh blind;

But I staggered on to the lights that shone, and never I looked behind.

There is a mountain round and low that lies by the Polar rim,

And I climbed its height in a whirl of light, and I peered o'er its jagged brim;

And there in a crater deep and vast, ungained, unguessed of men,

The mystery of the Arctic world was flashed into my ken.

For there these poor dim eyes of mine beheld the sight of sights—

That hollow ring was the source and spring of the mystic Northern Lights.

Then I staked that place from crown to base, and I hit the homeward trail.

Ah, God! it was good, though my eyes were
 blurred, and I crawled like a sickly snail.
In that vast white world where the silent sky
 communes with the silent snow,
In hunger and cold and misery I wandered to
 and fro.

But the Lord took pity on my pain, and He led
 me to the sea,

And some ice-bound whalers heard my moan, and
 they fed and sheltered me.

They fed the feeble scarecrow thing that
 stumbled out of the wild

With the ravaged face of a mask of death and
 the wandering wits of a child—

A craven, cowering bag of bones that once had
 been a man.

They tended me and they brought me back to
 the world, and here I am.

Some say that the Northern Lights are the glare
 of the Arctic ice and snow;

And some that it's electricity, and nobody seems
 to know.

But I'll tell you now—and if I lie, may my lips
 be stricken dumb—

It's a *mine*, a mine of the precious stuff that men
 call radium.

It's a million dollars a pound, they say, and
there's tons and tons in sight.

You can see it gleam in a golden stream in the
solitudes of night.

And it's mine, all mine—and say! if you have a
hundred plunks to spare,


I'll let you have the chance of your life, I'll sell
you a quarter share.

You turn it down? Well, I'll make it ten, see-
ing as you are my friend.

Nothing doing? Say! don't be hard—have you
got a dollar to lend?

Just a dollar to help me out, I know you'll treat
me white;

I'll do as much for you some day . . . God
bless you, sir; good-night.



O'er soundless lakes, where the grayling makes a
rush at the clumsy fly.

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3. The Ballad of the Northern Lights

It's a million dollars a pound, they say, and
there's tons and tons in sight.

You can see it gleam in a golden stream in the
solitudes of night.

And all mine, all mine—and say! if you have a
hundred plunks to spare,

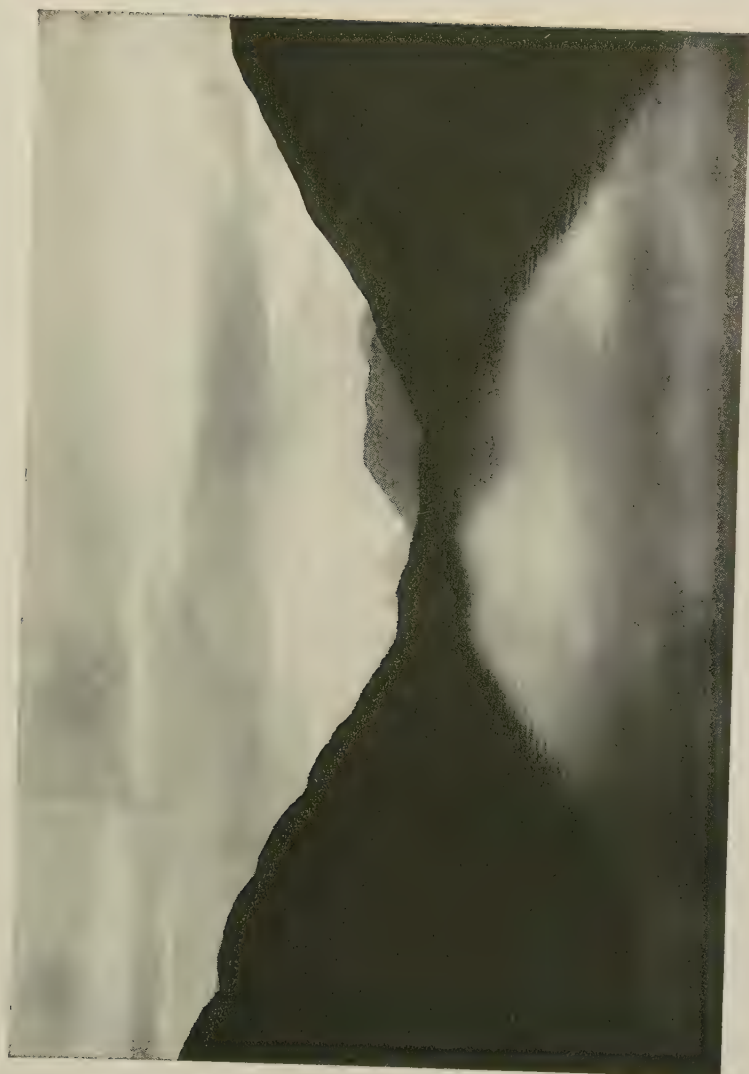
you a quarter share.

ing as you are my friend.

got a dollar to lend?

the white;

Or soundless lake where the glowing
rush at the clouds the



The Ballad of the Black Fox Skin

I.

THERE was Claw-fingered Kitty and Windy Ike
living the life of shame,
When unto them in the Long, Long Night came
the man-who-had-no-name;
Bearing his prize of a black fox pelt, out of the
Wild he came.

His cheeks were blanched as the flume-head foam
when the brown spring freshets flow;
Deep in their dark, sin-calcined pits were his
sombre eyes aglow;
They knew him far for the fitful man who spat
forth blood on the snow.

34 The Ballad of the Black Fox Skin

“Did ever you see such a skin?” quoth he;
 “there’s nought in the world so fine—
Such fullness of fur, as black as the night, such
 lustre, such size, such shine;
It’s life to a one-lunged man like me; it’s London,
 it’s women, it’s wine.

“The Moose-hides called it the devil-fox, and
 swore that no man could kill;
That he who hunted it, soon or late, must surely
 suffer some ill;
But I laughed at them and their old squaw-
 tales. Ha! ha! I’m laughing still.

“For, look ye, the skin—it’s as smooth as sin,
 and black as the core of the Pit.
By gun or by trap, whatever the hap, I swore I
 would capture it;
By star and by star afield and afar, I hunted
 and would not quit.

“For the devil-fox it was swift and sly, and it
 seemed to flee at me;
I would wake in fright by the camp-fire light,
 hearing its evil glee;
Into my dream its eyes would gleam, and its
 shadow would I see.

“It sniffed and ran from the ptarmigan I had
poisoned to excess;
Unharméd it sped from my wrathful lead (’twas
as if I shot by guess);
Yet it came by night in the stark moonlight to
mock at my weariness.

“I tracked it up where the mountains hunch
like the vertebrae of the world;
I tracked it down to the death-still pits where the
avalanche is hurled;
From the glooms to the sacerdotal snows, where
the carded clouds are curled.

“From the vastitudes where the world protrudes
through clouds like seas up-shoaled,
I held its track till it led me back to the land I
had left of old—
The land I had looted many moons. I was weary
and sick and cold.

“I was sick, soul-sick, of the futile chase, and
there and then I swore
The foul fiend fox might scathless go, for I
would hunt no more;
Then I rubbed mine eyes in a vast surprise—it
stood by my cabin door.

36 The Ballad of the Black Fox Skin

“A rifle raised in the wraith-like gloom, and a
vengeful shot that sped;
A howl that would thrill a cream-faced corpse—
and the demon fox lay dead. . . .
Yet there was never a sign of wound, and never
a drop he bled.

“So that was the end of the great black fox, and
here is the prize I’ve won;
And now for a drink to cheer me up—I’ve
mushed since the early sun;
We’ll drink a toast to the sorry ghost of the fox
whose race is run.”

II.

Now Claw-fingered Kitty and Windy Ike, bad as
the worst were they;
In their road-house down by the river-trail they
waited and watched for prey;
With wine and song they joyed night long, and
they slept like swine by day.

For things were done in the Midnight Sun that
no tongue will ever tell;
And men there be who walk earth-free, but whose
names are writ in Hell—
Are writ in flames with the guilty names of
Fournier and Labelle.

Put not your trust in a poke of dust would ye
sleep the sleep of sin;
For there be those who would rob your clothes
ere yet the dawn comes in;
And a prize likewise in a woman's eyes is a peer-
less black fox skin.

Put your faith in the mountain cat if you lie
within his lair;
Trust the fangs of the mother-wolf, and the claws
of the lead-ripped bear;
But oh, of the wiles and the gold-tooth smiles of
a dance-hall wench beware!

Wherefore it was beyond all laws that lusts of
man restrain,
A man drank deep and sank to sleep, never to
wake again;
And the Yukon swallowed through a hole the
cold corpse of the slain.

III.

The black fox skin a shadow cast from the roof
nigh to the floor;
And sleek it seemed and soft it gleamed, and the
woman stroked it o'er;
And the man stood by with a brooding eye, and
gnashed his teeth and swore.

38 The Ballad of the Black Fox Skin

When thieves and thugs fall out and fight there's
 fell arrears to pay;
And soon or late sin meets its fate, and so it fell
 one day
That Claw-fingered Kitty and Windy Ike fanged
 up like dogs at bay.

"The skin is mine, all mine," she cried; "I did
 the deed alone."
"It's share and share with a guilt-yoked pair,"
 he hissed in a pregnant tone;
And so they snarled like malamutes over a mil-
 dewed bone.

And so they fought, by fear untaught, till haply
 it befell,
One dawn of day she slipped away to Dawson
 town to sell
The fruit of sin, this black fox skin that had
 made their lives a hell.

She slipped away as still he lay; she clutched
 the wondrous fur;
Her pulses beat, her foot was fleet, her fear was
 as a spur;
She laughed with glee, she did not see him rise
 and follow her.

The bluffs uprear and grimly peer far over Dawson town;

They see its lights a blaze o' nights and harshly they look down;

They mock the plan and plot of man with grim, ironic frown.

The trail was steep; 'twas at the time when swiftly sinks the snow;

All honey-combed, the river ice was rotting down below;

The river chafed beneath its rind with many a mighty throe.

And up the swift and oozy drift a woman climbed in fear,

Clutching to her a black fox fur as if she held it dear;

And hard she pressed it to her breast—then Windy Ike drew near.

She made no moan—her heart was stone—she read his smiling face,

And like a dream flashed all her life's dark horror and disgrace;

A moment only—with a snarl he hurled her into space.

40 The Ballad of the Black Fox Skin

She rolled for nigh an hundred feet; she bounded
like a ball;

From crag to crag she carromed down through
snow and timber fall. . . .

A hole gaped in the river ice; the spray flashed—
that was all.

A bird sang for the joy of spring, so piercing
sweet and frail;

And blinding bright the land was dight in gay
and glittering mail;

And with a wondrous black fox skin a man slid
down the trail.

IV.

A wedge-faced man there was who ran along the
river bank;

Who stumbled through each drift and slough,
and ever slipped and sank;

And ever cursed his Maker's name, and ever
"hooch" he drank.

He travelled like a hunted thing, hard harried,
sore distress;

The old grandmother moon crept out from her
cloud-quilted nest;

The aged mountains mocked at him in their
primeval rest.

Grim shadows diapered the snow; the air was
strangely mild;

The valley's girth was dumb with mirth, the
laughter of the wild;

The still, sardonic laughter of an ogre o'er a
child.

The river writhed beneath the ice; it groaned
like one in pain,

And yawning chasms opened wide, and closed
and yawned again;

And sheets of silver heaved on high until they
split in twain.

From out the road-house by the trail they saw a
man afar

Make for the narrow river-reach where the swift
cross-currents are;

Where, frail and worn, the ice is torn and the
angry waters jar.

But they did not see him crash and sink into the
icy flow;

They did not see him clinging there, gripped by
the undertow,

Clawing with bleeding finger-nails at the jagged
ice and snow.

They found a note beside the hole where he had
stumbled in :

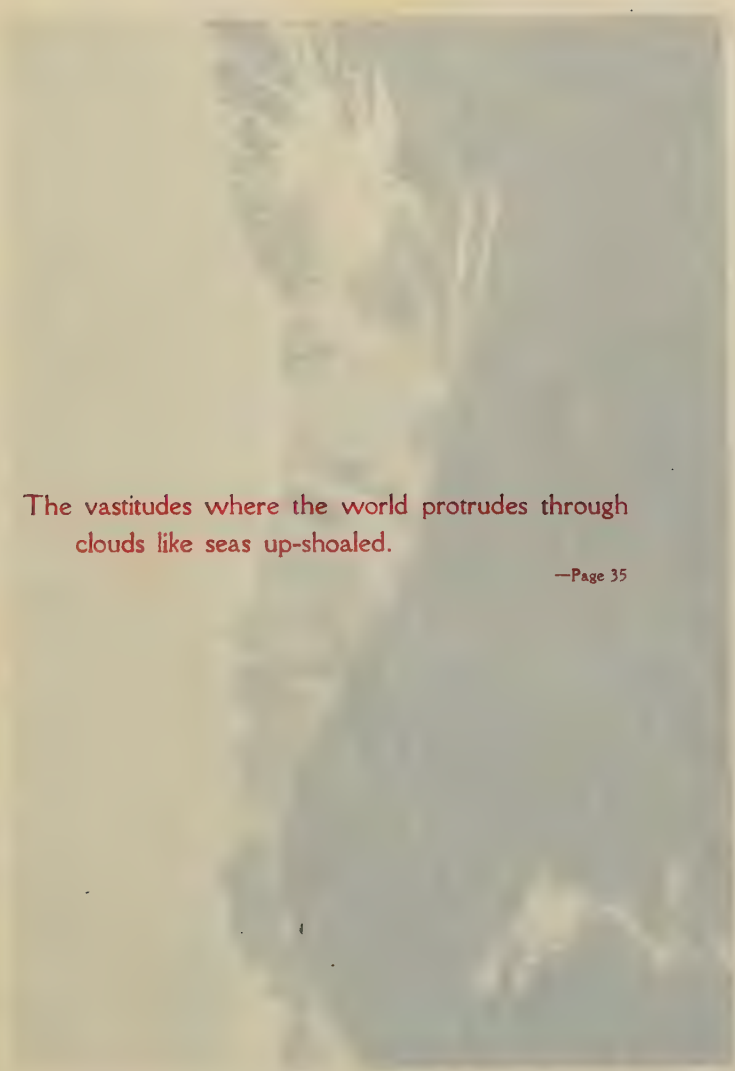
“ Here met his fate by evil luck a man who lived
in sin,

And to the one who loves me least I leave this
black fox skin.”

And strange it is; for, though they searched the
river all around,

No trace or sign of black fox skin was ever after
found;

Though one man said he saw the tread of *hoofs*
deep in the ground.



The vastitudes where the world protrudes through
clouds like seas up-shoaled.

—Page 35

The Ballad of the Black Fox Skin

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The vastness where the world provides through
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The Ballad of Pious Pete

“The North has got him.”—*Yukonism*.

I TRIED to refine that neighbor of mine, honest to
God, I did.

I grieved for his fate, and early and late I
watched over him like a kid.

I gave him excuse, I bore his abuse in every way
that I could;

I swore to prevail; I camped on his trail; I
plotted and planned for his good.

By day and by night I strove in men's sight to
gather him into the fold,

With precept and prayer, with hope and despair,
in hunger and hardship and cold.

I followed him into Gehennas of sin, I sat where
the sirens sit;

In the shade of the Pole, for the sake of his soul,
I strove with the powers of the Pit.

I shadowed him down to the scrofulous town; I
dragged him from dissolute brawls;
But I killed the galoot when he started to shoot
electricity into my walls.

God knows what I did he should seek to be rid of
one who would save him from shame.
God knows what I bore that night when he swore
and bade me make tracks from his claim.
I started to tell of the horrors of heli, when sudden
his eyes lit like coals;
And "Chuck it," says he, "don't persecute me
with your cant and your saving of souls."
I'll swear I was mild as I'd be with a child, but
he called me the son of a slut;
And, grabbing his gun with a leap and a run, he
threatened my face with the butt.
So what could I do (I leave it to you)? With
curses he harried me forth;
Then he was alone, and I was alone, and over us
menaced the North.

Our cabins were near; I could see, I could hear;
but between us there rippled the creek;
And all summer through, with a rancor that
grew, he would pass me and never would
speak.

Then a shuddery breath like the coming of Death
 crept down from the peaks far away;

The water was still; the twilight was chill; the
 sky was a tatter of gray.

Swift came the Big Cold, and opal and gold the
 lights of the witches arose;

The frost-tyrant clinched, and the valley was
 cinched by the stark and cadaverous
 snows.

The trees were like lace where the star-beams
 could chase, each leaf was a jewel agleam.

The soft white hush lapped the Northland and
 wrapped us round in a crystalline dream;

So still I could hear quite loud in my ear the
 swish of the pinions of time;

So bright I could see, as plain as could be, the
 wings of God's angels ashine.

As I read in the Book I would oftentimes look
 to that cabin just over the creek.

Ah me, it was sad and evil and bad, two neigh-
 bors who never would speak!

I knew that full well like a devil in hell he was
 hatching out, early and late,

A system to bear through the frost-spangled air
 the warm, crimson waves of his hate.

I only could peer and shudder and fear—'twas
 ever so ghastly and still;
But I knew over there in his lonely despair he
 was plotting me terrible ill.
I knew that he nursed a malice accurst, like the
 blast of a winnowing flame;
I pleaded aloud for a shield, for a shroud—Oh,
 God! then calamity came.

Mad! If I'm mad then you too are mad; but it's
 all in the point of view.
If you'd looked at them things gallivantin' on
 wings, all purple and green and blue;
If you'd noticed them twist, as they mounted
 and hissed like scorpions dim in the dark;
If you'd seen them rebound with a horrible
 sound, and spitefully spitting a spark;
If you'd watched *It* with dread, as it hissed by
 your bed, that thing with the feelers that
 crawls—
You'd have settled the brute that attempted to
 shoot electricity into your walls.

Oh, some they were blue, and they slithered right
 through; they were silent and squashy and
 round;

And some they were green; they were wriggly
and lean; they writhed with so hateful a
sound

My blood seemed to freeze; I fell on my knees;
my face was a white splash of dread;

Oh, the green and the blue, they were gruesome
to view; but the worst of them all were
the red.

They came through the door, they came through
the floor, they came through the moss-
creviced logs.

They were savage and dire; they were whiskered
with fire; they bickered like malamute
dogs.

They ravined in rings like iniquitous things; they
gulped down the green and the blue.

I crinkled with fear whene'er they drew near,
and nearer and nearer they drew.

And then came the crown of Horror's grim
crown, the monster so loathsomely red.

Each eye was a pin that shot out and in, as,
squidlike, it oozed to my bed;

So softly it crept with feelers that swept and
quivered like fine copper wire;

Its belly was white with a sulphurous light, its
jaws were a-drooling with fire.

It came and it came; I could breathe of its flame,
but never a wink could I look.

I thrust in its maw the Fount of the Law; I
fended it off with the Book.

I was weak—oh, so weak—but I thrilled at its
shriek, as wildly it fled in the night;

And deathlike I lay till the dawn of the day.
(Was ever so welcome the light?)

I loaded my gun at the rise of the sun; to his
cabin so softly I slunk.

My neighbor was there in the frost-freighted air,
all wrapped in a robe in his bunk.

It muffled his moans; it outlined his bones, as
feebly he twisted about;

His gums were so black, and his lips seemed to
crack, and his teeth all were loosening out.

'Twas a death's head that peered through the
tangle of beard; 'twas a face I will never
forget;

Sunk eyes full of woe, and they troubled me so
with their pleading and anguish, and yet

As I rested my gaze in a misty amaze on the
scurvy-degenerate wreck,

I thought of the things with the dragon-fly
wings—then laid I my gun on his neck.

He gave out a cry that was faint as a sigh, like
a perishing malamute,
And he says unto me, "I'm converted," says he;
"for Christ's sake, Peter, don't shoot!"

* * * * *

They're taking me out with an escort about, and
under a sergeant's care;
I am humbled indeed, for I'm 'cuffed to a Swede
that thinks he's a millionaire.
But it's all Gospel true what I'm telling to you—
up there where the Shadow falls,
That I settled Sam Noot when he started to
shoot electricity into my walls.

The Ballad of Blasphemous Bill

I TOOK a contract to bury the body of blasphemous Bill MacKie,
Whenever, wherever or whatsoever the manner
of death he die—
Whether he die in the light o' day or under the
peak-faced moon;
In cabin or dance-hall, camp or dive, mucklucks
or patent shoon;
On velvet tundra or virgin peak, by glacier, drift
or draw;
In muskeg hollow or canyon gloom, by avalanche,
fang or claw;
By battle, murder or sudden wealth, by pestilence,
"hooch" or lead—
I swore on the Book I would follow and look till
I found my tombless dead.

For Bill was a dainty kind of cuss, and his mind
was mighty sot

On a dinky patch with flowers and grass in a
civilized bone-yard lot.

And where he died or how he died, it didn't mat-
ter a damn

So long as he had a grave with frills, and a
tombstone "epigram."

So I promised him, and he paid the price in good
cheechako coin

(Which the same I blowed in that very night
down in the Tenderloin).

Then I painted a three-foot slab of pine: "Here
lies poor Bill MacKie,"

And I hung it up on my cabin wall and I waited
for Bill to die.

Years passed away, and at last one day came a
squaw with a story strange,

Of a long-deserted line of traps 'way back of the
Bighorn range;

Of a little hut by the great divide, and a white
man stiff and still,

Lying there by his lonesome self, and I figured
it must be Bill.

So I thought of the contract I'd made with him,
and I took down from the shelf
The swell black box with the silver plate he'd
picked out for hisself;
And I packed it full of grub and "hooch," and
I slung it on the sleigh;
Then I harnessed up my team of dogs and was
off at dawn of day.

You know what it's like in the Yukon wild when
it's sixty-nine below;
When the ice-worms wriggle their purple heads
through the crust of the pale blue snow;
When the pine-trees crack like little guns in the
silence of the wood,
And the icicles hang down like tusks under the
parka hood;
When the stovepipe smoke breaks sudden off,
and the sky is weirdly lit,
And the careless feel of a bit of steel burns like
a red-hot spit;
When the mercury is a frozen ball, and the frost-
fiend stalks to kill—
Well, it was just like that that day when I set
out to look for Bill.

Oh, the awful hush that seemed to crush me
down on every hand,

As I blundered blind with a trail to find through
that blank and bitter land;

Half dazed, half crazed in the winter wild, with
its grim, heart-breaking woes,

And the ruthless strife for a grip on life that
only the sourdough knows!

North by the compass, North I pressed; river
and peak and plain

Passed like a dream I slept to lose, and I waked
to dream again.

River and plain and mighty peak—and who
could stand unawed

As their summits blazed, he could stand undazed
at the foot of the throne of God.

North, aye, North, through a land accurst,
shunned by the scouring brutes,

And all I heard was my own harsh word and
the whine of the malamutes,

Till at last I came to a cabin squat, built in the
side of a hill,

And I burst in the door, and there on the floor,
frozen to death, lay Bill.

Ice, white ice, like a winding-sheet, sheathing
each smoke-grimed wall;

Ice on the stove-pipe, ice on the bed, ice gleam-
ing over all;
Sparkling ice on the dead man's chest, glittering
ice in his hair,
Ice on his fingers, ice in his heart, ice in his
glassy stare;
Hard as a log and trussed like a frog, with his
arms and legs outspread.
I gazed at the coffin I'd brought for him, and I
gazed at the gruesome dead,
And at last I spoke: "Bill liked his joke; but
still, goldarn his eyes,
A man had ought to consider his mates in the
way he goes and dies."

Have you ever stood in an Arctic hut in the
shadow of the Pole,
With a little coffin six by three and a grief you
can't control?
Have you ever sat by a frozen corpse that looks
at you with a grin,
And that seems to say: "You may try all day,
but you'll never jam me in"?
I'm not a man of the quitting kind, but I never
felt so blue
As I sat there gazing at that stiff and studying
what I'd do.

Then I rose and I kicked off the husky dogs that
were nosing round about,
And I lit a roaring fire in the stove, and I started
to thaw Bill out.

Well, I thawed and thawed for thirteen days,
but it didn't seem no good;
His arms and legs stuck out like pegs, as if they
was made of wood.
Till at last I said: "It ain't nò use—he's froze
too hard to thaw;
He's obstinate, and he won't lie straight, so I
guess I got to—*saw*."
So I sawed off poor Bill's arms and legs, and I
laid him snug and straight
In the little coffin he picked hisself, with the
dinky silver plate;
And I came nigh near to shedding a tear as I
nailed him safely down;
Then I stowed him away in my Yukon sleigh,
and I started back to town.

So I buried him, as the contract was, in a narrow
grave and deep,
And there he's waiting the Great Clean-up, when
the Judgment sluice-heads sweep;

The Ballad of One-Eyed Mike

*THIS is the tale that was told to me by the man
with the crystal eye,
As I smoked my pipe in the camp-fire light and
the Glories swept the sky;
As the Northlights gleamed and curved and
streamed, and the bottle of "hooch" was
dry.*

A man once aimed that my life be shamed, and
wrought me a deathly wrong;
I vowed one day I would well repay, but the heft
of his hate was strong.
He thonged me East and he thonged me West;
he harried me back and forth,
Till I fled in fright from his peerless spite to the
bleak, bald-headed North.

And there I lay, and for many a day I hatched
 plan after plan
For a golden haul of the wherewithal to crush
 and to kill my man;
And there I strove, and there I clove through the
 drift of icy streams;
And there I fought, and there I sought for the
 pay-streak of my dreams.

So twenty years, with their hopes and fears
 and smiles and tears and such,
Went by and left me long bereft of hope of the
 Midas touch;
About as fat as a chancel rat, and lo! despite my
 will,
In the weary fight I had clean lost sight of the
 man I sought to kill.

'Twas so far away, that evil day when I prayed
 the Prince of Gloom
For the savage strength and the sullen length of
 life to work his doom.
Nor sign nor word had I seen or heard, and it
 happed so long ago;
My youth was gone and my memory wan, and I
 willed it even so.

It fell one night in the waning light by the
Yukon's oily flow,
I smoked and sat as I marvelled at the sky's
port-winey glow;
Till it paled away to an absinthe gray, and the
river seemed to shrink,
All wobbly flakes and wriggling snakes and
goblin eyes a-wink.

'Twas weird to see and it 'wildered me in a queer,
hypnotic dream,
Till I saw a spot like an inky blot come floating
down the stream;
It bobbed and swung; it sheered and hung; it
romped round in a ring;
It seemed to play in a tricksome way; it sure was
a merry thing.

In freakish flights strange oily lights came flut-
tering round its head,
Like butterflies of a monster size—then I knew
it for the Dead.
Its face was rubbed and slicked and scrubbed as
smooth as a shaven pate;
In the silver snakes that the water makes it
gleamed like a dinner-plate.

It gurgled near, and clear and clear and large
and large it grew;
It stood upright in a ring of light and it looked
me through and through.
It weltered round with a woozy sound, and ere
I could retreat,
With the witless roll of a sodden soul it waned
toned to my feet.

And here I swear by this Cross I wear, I heard
that "floater" say:
"I am the man from whom you ran, the man
you sought to slay.
That you may note and gaze and gloat, and say
'Revenge is sweet,'
In the grit and grime of the river's slime I am
rotting at your feet.

"The ill we rue we must e'en undo, though it
rive us bone from bone;
So it came about that I sought you out, for I
prayed I might atone.
I did you wrong, and for long and long I sought
where you might live;
And now you're found, though I'm dead and
drowned, I beg you to forgive."

So sad it seemed, and its cheek-bones gleamed,
and its fingers flicked the shore;
And it lapped and lay in a weary way, and its
hands met to implore;
That I gently said: "Poor, restless dead, I
would never work you woe;
Though the wrong you rue you can ne'er undo,
I forgave you long ago."

Then, wonder-wise, I rubbed my eyes and I woke
from a horrid dream.
The moon rode high in the naked sky, and some-
thing bobbed in the stream.
It held my sight in a patch of light, and then it
sheered from the shore;
It dipped and sank by a hollow bank, and I
never saw it more.

*This was the tale he told to me, that man so
warped and gray,
Ere he slept and dreamed; and the camp-fire
gleamed in his eye in a wolfish way—
That crystal eye that raked the sky in the weird
Auroral ray.*

The Ballad of the Brand

'TWAS up in a land long famed for gold, where
 women were far and rare,
Tellus, the smith, had taken to wife a maiden
 amazingly fair;
Tellus, the brawny worker in iron, hairy and
 heavy of hand,
Saw her and loved her and bore her away from
 the tribe of a Southern land;
Deeming her worthy to queen his home and
 mother him little ones,
That the name of Tellus, the master smith,
 might live in his stalwart sons.

Now there was little of law in the land, and evil
 doings were rife,
And every man who joyed in his home guarded
 the fame of his wife;
For there were those of the silver tongue and the
 honeyed art to beguile,

Who would cozen the heart from a woman's
 breast and damn her soul with a smile.
And there were women too quick to heed a look
 or a whispered word,
And once in a while a man was slain, and the ire
 of the King was stirred;
So far and wide he proclaimed his wrath, and
 this was the Law he willed:
"That whosoever killeth a man, even shall he be
 killed."

Now Tellus, the smith, he trusted his wife; his
 heart was empty of fear.
High on the hill was the gleam of their hearth,
 a beacon of love and cheer.
High on the hill they builded their bower, where
 the broom and the bracken meet;
Under a grove of oaks it was, hushed and
 drowsily sweet.
Here he enshrined her, his dearest saint, his idol,
 the light of his eye;
Her kisses rested upon his lips as brushes a but-
 terfly.
The weight of her arms around his neck was
 light as the thistle-down;
And sweetly she studied to win his smile, and
 gently she mocked his frown.

And when at the close of the dusty day his
 clangorous toil was done,
She hastened to meet him down the way all lit
 by the amber sun.
Their dove-cot gleamed in the golden light, a
 temple of stainless love;
Like the hanging cup of a big blue flower was
 the topaz sky above.
The roses and lilies yearned to her, as swift
 through their throng she pressed,
A little white, fragile, fluttering thing that lay
 like a child on his breast.
Then the heart of Tellus, the smith, was proud,
 and sang for the joy of life,
And there in the bronzing summertide he
 thanked the gods for his wife.

Now there was one called Philo, a scribe, a man
 of exquisite grace,
Carved like the god Apollo in limb, fair as
 Adonis in face;
Eager and winning of manner, full of such
 radiant charm,
Womenkind fought for his favor and loved to
 their uttermost harm.
Such was his craft and his knowledge, such was
 his skill at the game,

Never was woman could flout him, so be he
plotted her shame.
And so he drank deep of pleasure, and then it
fell on a day
He gazed on the wife of Tellus and marked her
out for his prey.

Tellus, the smith, was merry, and the time of
the year it was June,
So he said to his stalwart helpers: "Shut down
the forge at noon.
Go ye and joy in the sunshine, rest in the coolth
of the grove,
Drift on the dreamy river, every man with his
love."
Then to himself: "Oh, Beloved, sweet will be
your surprise;
To-day will we sport like children, laugh in each
other's eyes;
Weave gay garlands of poppies, crown each
other with flowers;
Pull plump carp from the lilies, rifle the ferny
bowers.
To-day with feasting and gladness the wine of
Cyprus will flow;
To-day is the day we were wedded only a twelve-
month ago."

The larks trilled high in the heavens; his heart
was lyric with joy;

He plucked a posy of lilies; he sped like a love-
sick boy.

He stole up the velvety pathway—his cottage
was sunsteeped and still;

Vines honeysuckled the window; softly he
peeped o'er the sill.

The lilies dropped from his fingers; devils were
choking his breath;

Rigid with horror, he stiffened; ghastly his face
was as death.

Like a nun whose faith in the Virgin is met with
a prurient jibe,

He shrank—'twas the wife of his bosom in the
arms of Philo, the scribe!

Tellus went back to his smithy; he reeled like a
drunken man;

His heart was riven with anguish; his brain was
brooding a plan.

Straight to his anvil he hurried; started his
furnace aglow;

Heated his iron and shaped it with savage and
masterful blow.

Sparks showered over and round him; swiftly
under his hand

There at last it was finished—a hideous and in-
famous Brand.

That night the wife of his bosom, the light of
joy in her eyes,

Kissed him with words of rapture; but he knew
that her words were lies.

Never was she so beguiling, never so merry of
speech

(For passion ripens a woman as the sunshine
ripens a peach).

He clenched his teeth into silence; he yielded up
to her lure,

Though he knew that her breasts were heaving
from the fire of her paramour.

“To-morrow,” he said, “to-morrow”—he wove
her hair in a strand,

Twisted it round his fingers and smiled as he
thought of the Brand.

The morrow was come, and Tellus swiftly stole
up the hill.

Butterflies drowsed in the noon-heat; coverts
were sunsteeped and still.

Softly he padded the pathway unto the porch,
and within

Heard he the low laugh of dalliance, heard he
the rapture of sin.

Knew he her eyes were mystic with light that no
man should see,

No man kindle and joy in, no man on earth save
he.

And never for him would it kindle. The blood-
lust surged in his brain;

Through the senseless stone could he see them,
wanton and warily fain.

Horrible! Heaven he sought for, gained it and
gloried and fell—

Oh, it was sudden—headlong into the nether-
most hell. . . .

Was this he, Tellus, this marble? Tellus . . .
not dreaming a dream?

Ah! sharp-edged as a javelin, was that a woman's
scream?

Was it a door that shattered, shell-like, under
his blow?

Was it his saint, that strumpet, dishevelled and
cowering low?

Was it her lover, that wild thing, that twisted
and gouged and tore?

Was it a man he was crushing, whose head he
beat on the floor?

Laughing the while at its weakness, till sudden
he stayed his hand—
Through the red ring of his madness flamed the
thought of the Brand.

Then bound he the naked Philo with thongs that
cut in the flesh,
And the wife of his bosom, fear-frantic, he gagged
with a silken mesh,
Choking her screams into silence; bound her
down by the hair;
Dragged her lover unto her under her frenzied
stare.
In the heat of the hearth-fire embers he heated
the hideous Brand;
Twisting her fingers open, he forced its haft in
her hand.
He pressed it downward and downward; she felt
the living flesh sear;
She saw the throe of her lover; she heard the
scream of his fear.
Once, twice and thrice he forced her, heedless of
prayer and shriek—
Once on the forehead of Philo, twice in the soft
of his cheek.
Then (for the thing was finished) he said to the
woman: "See

How you have branded your lover! Now will I
let him go free."

He severed the thongs that bound him, laughing:
"Revenge is sweet,"

And Philo, sobbing in anguish, feebly rose to his
feet.

The man who was fair as Apollo, god-like in
woman's sight,

Hideous now as a satyr, fled to the pity of night

*Then came they before the Judgment Seat. and
thus spoke the Lord of the Land:*

*"He who seeketh his neighbor's wife shall suffer
the doom of the Brand.*

*Brutish and bold on his brow be it stamped, deep
in his cheek let it sear,*

*That every man may look on his shame, and
shudder and sicken and fear.*

*He shall hear their mock in the market-place,
their fleering jibe at the feast;*

*He shall seek the caves and the shroud of night,
and the fellowship of the beast.*

*Outcast forever from homes of men, far and far
shall he roam.*

*Such be the doom, sadder than death, of him who
shameth a home."*



The big, blue, silt-freighted Yukon.

—Page 110

The Bastard of the Brand

"Now will I
be free!"

He broke the things that bound him, laughing:
"I am free!"

He feebly rose to his

As Apollo, god-like in
his

He fled to the pity of night.

The Bastard of the Brand

on

of the Brand.

And bold on his brow be it stamped, deep
on his cheek let it scar,

And every man may look on his shame, and
shudder and sicken and fear.

He shall hear their mock in the market-place,
their fleering jibe at the feast;

and the fellowship of the beast.

shall he roam.

sign of a home."



The Ballad of Hard-Luck Henry

Now wouldn't you expect to find a man an awful
crank

That's staked out nigh three hundred claims,
and every one a blank;

That's followed every fool stampede, and seen
the rise and fall

Of camps where men got gold in chunks and he
got none at all;

That's prospected a bit of ground and sold it for
a song,

To see it yield a fortune to some fool that came
along;

That's sunk a dozen bed-rock holes, and not a
speck in sight,

Yet sees them take a million from the claims to
left and right.

Now aren't things like that enough to drive a
man to booze?

But Hard-Luck Smith was hoodoo-proof—he
knew the way to lose.

72 The Ballad of Hard-Luck Henry

'Twas in the fall of nineteen four—leap-year, I've
heard them say—

When Hard-Luck came to Hunker Creek and
took a hillside lay.

And lo! as if to make amends for all the futile
past,

Late in the year he struck it rich, the real pay-
streak at last.

The riffles of his sluicing-box were choked with
speckled earth,

And night and day he worked that lay for all
that he was worth.

And when in chill December's gloom his lucky
lease expired,

He found that he had made a stake as big as he
desired.

One day while meditating on the waywardness
of fate,

He felt the ache of lonely man to find a fitting
mate;

A petticoated pard to cheer his solitary life,
A woman with soft, soothing ways, a confidant,
a wife.

And, while he cooked his supper on his little
Yukon stove,

He wished that he had staked a claim in Love's
rich treasure-trove;

And suddenly he paused and held aloft a Yukon
egg,

For there in penciled letters was the magic name
of Peg.

You know these Yukon eggs of ours—some pink,
some green, some blue—

A dollar per, assorted tints, assorted flavors too.
The supercilious cheechako might designate them
high,

But one acquires a taste for them and likes them
by-and-by.

Well, Hard-Luck Henry took this egg and held
it to the light,

And there was more faint penciling that sorely
taxed his sight.

At last he made it out, and then the legend ran
like this—

“Will Klondike miner write to Peg, Plumhol-
low, Squashville, Wis.?”

That night he got to thinking of this far-off, un-
known fair;

It seemed so sort of opportune, an answer to his
prayer.

74 The Ballad of Hard-Luck Henry

She flitted sweetly through his dreams, she
haunted him by day,

She smiled through clouds of nicotine, she
cheered his weary way.

At last he yielded to the spell; his course of love
he set—

Wisconsin his objective point; his object, Mar-
garet.

With every mile of sea and land his longing grew
and grew.

He practised all his pretty words, and these, I
fear, were few.

At last, one frosty evening, with a cold chill
down his spine,

He found himself before her house, the threshold
of the shrine.

His courage flickered to a spark, then glowed
with sudden flame—

He knocked, he heard a welcome word; she came
—his goddess came.

Oh, she was fair as any flower, and huskily he
spoke:

“I’m all the way from Klondike, with a mighty
heavy poke.

I'm looking for a lassie, one whose Christian
name is Peg,
Who sought a Klondike miner, and who wrote it
on an egg."

The lassie gazed at him a space, her cheeks grew
rosy red;

She gazed at him with tear-bright eyes, then tenderly she said:

"Yes, lonely Klondike miner, it is true my name
is Peg.

It's also true I longed for you and wrote it on an
egg.

My heart went out to someone in that land of
night and cold;

But oh, I fear that Yukon egg must have been
mighty old.

I waited long, I hoped and feared; you should
have come before;

I've been a wedded woman now for eighteen
months or more.

I'm sorry, since you've come so far, you ain't the
one that wins;

But won't you take a step inside—I'll let you
see the twins."

The Ballad of Gum-Boot Ben

*HE was an old prospector with a vision bleared
and dim.*

*He asked me for a grubstake, and the same I
gave to him.*

*He hinted of a hidden trove, and when I made
so bold*

To question his veracity, this is the tale he told:

“I do not seek the copper streak, nor yet the yellow dust;

I am not fain for sake of gain to irk the frozen crust;

Let fellows gross find gilded dross, far other is my mark;

Oh, gentle youth, this is the truth—I go to seek the Ark.

“ I prospected the Pelly bed, I prospected the
White;

The Nordenscold for love of gold I piked from
morn till night;

Afar and near for many a year I led the wild
stampede,

Until I guessed that all my quest was vanity and
greed.

“ Then came I to a land I knew no man had ever
been;

A haggard land forlornly spanned by mountains
lank and lean.

The nitches said 'twas full of dread, of smoke and
fiery breath,

And no man dare put foot in there for fear of
pain and death.

“ But I was made all unafraid, so, careless and
alone,

Day after day I made my way into that land un-
known;

Night after night by camp-fire light I crouched
in lonely thought;

Oh, gentle youth, this is the truth—I knew not
what I sought.

“ I rose at dawn; I wandered on; 'tis somewhat
fine and grand
To be alone and hold your own in God's vast
awesome land;
Come woe or weal, 'tis fine to feel a hundred
miles between
The trails you dare and pathways where the feet
of men have been.

“ And so it fell on me a spell of wander-lust was
cast.
The land was still and strange and chill, and
cavernous and vast;
And sad and dead, and dull as lead the valleys
sought the snows;
And far and wide on every side the ashen peaks
arose.

“ The moon was like a silent spike that pierced
the sky right through;
The small stars popped and winked and hopped
in vastitudes of blue;
And unto me for company came creatures of the
shade,
And formed in rings and whispered things that
made me half afraid.

“And strange though be, ’twas borne in me that
land had lived of old;
And men had crept and slain and slept where
now they toiled for gold;
Through jungles dim the mammoth grim had
sought the oozy fen,
And on his track, all bent of back, had crawled
the hairy men.

“And furthermore strange deeds of yore in this
dead place were done.
They haunted me, as wild and free I roamed
from sun to sun;
Until I came where sudden flame uplit a terraced
height,
A regnant peak that seemed to seek the coronal
of night.

“I scaled the peak; my heart was weak, yet on
and on I pressed.
Skyward I strained until I gained its dazzling
silver crest,
And there I found, with all around a world
supine and stark.
Swept clean of snow, a flat plateau, and on it
lay—the Ark.

“Yes, there I knew by two and two the beasts
did disembark, *

And so in haste I ran and traced in letters on
the Ark

My human name, Ben Smith’s the same; and
now I want to float

A syndicate to haul and freight to town that
noble boat.”

*I met him later in a bar and made a gay remark
Anent an ancient miner and an option on the
Ark.*

*He gazed at me reproachfully, as only toppers can;
But what he said I can’t repeat—he was a bad
old man.*

The Man from Eldorado

I.

HE'S the man from Eldorado, and he's just
arrived in town,

In moccasins and oily buckskin shirt.

He's gaunt as any Indian, and pretty nigh as
brown;

He's greasy, and he smells of sweat and dirt.
He sports a crop of whiskers that would shame
a healthy hog;

Hard work has racked his joints and stooped
his back;

He slops along the sidewalk followed by his
yellow dog,

But he's got a bunch of gold-dust in his sack.

He seems a little wistful as he blinks at all the
lights,

And maybe he is thinking of his claim
And the dark and dwarfish cabin where he lay
and dreamed at nights,

(Thank God, he'll never see the place again!)
Where he lived on tinned tomatoes, beef em-
balmed and sourdough bread,
On rusty beans and bacon furred with mould.
His stomach's out of kilter and his system full
of lead,
But it's over, and his poke is full of gold.

He has panted at the windlass, he has loaded in
the drift,
He has pounded at the face of oozy clay;
He has taxed himself to sickness, dark and damp
and double shift,
He has labored like a demon night and day.
And now, praise God, it's over, and he seems to
breathe again
The new-mown hay, the warm, wet, friendly
loam;
He sees a snowy orchard in a green and dimp-
ling plain,
And a little vine-clad cottage, and it's—Home.

II.

He's the man from Eldorado, and he's had a bite
and sup,
And he's met in with a drouthy friend or two;

He's cached away his gold-dust, but he's sort of
bucking up,

So he's kept enough to-night to see him
through.

His eye is bright and genial, his tongue no longer
lags;

His heart is brimming o'er with joy and mirth;
He may be far from savory, he may be clad in
rags,

But to-night he feels as if he owns the earth.

Says he: "Boys, here is where the shaggy North
and I will shake;

I thought I'd never manage to get free.

I kept on making misses; but at last I've got my
stake;

There's no more thawing frozen muck for me.
I am going to God's Country, where I'll live the
simple life;

I'll buy a bit of land and make a start;
I'll carve a little homestead, and I'll win a little
wife,

And raise ten little kids to cheer my heart."

They signified their sympathy by crowding to
the bar;

They bellied up three deep and drank his
health.
He shed a radiant smile around and smoked a
rank cigar;
They wished him honor, happiness and wealth.
They drank unto his wife to be—that unsuspect-
ing maid;
They drank unto his children half a score;
And when they got through drinking, very ten-
derly they laid
The man from Eldorado on the floor.

III.

He's the man from Eldorado, and he's only start-
ing in
To cultivate a thousand-dollar jag.
His poke is full of gold-dust and his heart is full
of sin,
And he's dancing with a girl called Mucluc
Mag.
She's as light as any fairy; she's as pretty as a
peach;
She's mistress of the witchcraft to beguile;
There's sunshine in her manner, there is music
in her speech,
And there's concentrated honey in her smile.

Oh, the fever of the dance-hall and the glitter and
the shine,

The beauty, and the jewels, and the whirl,
The madness of the music, the rapture of the
wine,

The languorous allurement of a girl!
She is like a lost madonna; he is gaunt, unkempt
and grim;

But she fondles him and gazes in his eyes;
Her kisses seek his heavy lips, and soon it seems
to him

He has staked a little claim in Paradise.

“Who’s for a juicy two-step?” cries the master
of the floor;

The music throbs with soft, seductive beat.
There’s glitter, gilt and gladness; there are
pretty girls galore;

There’s a woolly man with moccasins on feet.
They know they’ve got him going; he is buying
wine for all;

They crowd around as buzzards at a feast;
Then when his poke is empty they boost him
from the hall,

And spurn him in the gutter like a beast.

He's the man from Eldorado, and he's painting
red the town;

Behind he leaves a trail of yellow dust;
In a whirl of senseless riot he is ramping up and
down;

There's nothing checks his madness and his
lust.

And soon the word is passed around—it travels
like a flame;

They fight to clutch his hand and call him
friend,

The chevaliers of lost repute, the dames of sorry
fame;

Then comes the grim awakening—the end.

IV.

He's the man from Eldorado, and he gives a
grand affair;

There's feasting, dancing, wine without re-
straint.

The smooth Beau Brummels of the bar, the faro
men, are there;

The tin horns and purveyors of red paint;

The sleek and painted women, their predacious
eyes aglow—

Sure Klondike City never saw the like;

Then Mucluc Mag proposed the toast, "The giver
of the show,
The livest sport that ever hit the pike."

The "live one" rises to his feet; he stammers to
reply—

And then there comes before his muddled brain
A vision of green vastitudes beneath an April
sky,

And clover pastures drenched with silver rain.
He knows that it can never be, that he is down
and out;

Life leers at him with foul and fetid breath;
And then amid the revelry, the song and cheer
and shout,

He suddenly grows grim and cold as death.

He grips the table tensely, and he says: "Dear
friends of mine,

I've let you dip your fingers in my purse;
I've crammed you at my table, and I've drowned
you in my wine,

And I've little left to give you but—my curse.
I've failed supremely in my plans; its rather late
to whine;

My poke is mighty weasened up and small.

I thank you each for coming here, the happiness
is mine—

And now, you thieves and harlots, take it all.”

He twists the thong from off his poke; he swings
it o’er his head;

The nuggets fall around their feet like grain.
They rattle over roof and wall; they scatter, roll
and spread;

The dust is like a shower of golden rain.
The guests a moment stand aghast, then grovel
on the floor;

They fight, and snarl, and claw, like beasts of
prey;
And then, as everybody grabbed and everybody
swore,

The man from Eldorado slipped away.

V.

He’s the man from Eldorado, and they found
him stiff and dead,

Half covered by the freezing ooze and dirt.
A clotted Colt was in his hand, a hole was in his
head,

And he wore an old and oily buckskin shirt.

His eyes were fixed and horrible, as one who
hails the end;

The frost had set him rigid as a log;
And there, half lying on his breast, his last and
only friend,

There crouched and whined a mangy yellow
dog.

My Friends

THE man above was a murderer, the man below
was a thief;
And I lay there in the bunk between, ailing be-
yond belief;
A weary armful of skin and bone, wasted with
pain and grief.

My feet were froze, and the lifeless toes were
purple and green and gray;
The little flesh that clung to my bones you could
punch it in holes like clay;
The skin on my gums was a sullen black, and
slowly peeling away.

I was sure enough in a direful fix, and often I
wondered why
They did not take the chance that was left, and
leave me alone to die,
Or finish me off with a dose of dope—so utterly
lost was I.



The lonely waif of the wood-camp.

—Page 112

Friends

... down; below
... the bunk between, asking be-
... of steel and bone, wasted with
grass-brown and to new glass and

SH 394

...
...
... to my bones you can
... it in holes like clay;
...
... steadily peeling away.

... were enough in a direful fix, and
... wondered why
...
...
...



But no; they brewed me the green-spruce tea,
and nursed me there like a child;
And the homicide he was good to me, and bathed
my sores and smiled;
And the thief he starved that I might be fed,
and his eyes were kind and mild.

Yet they were woefully wicked men, and often
at night in pain
I heard the murderer speak of his deed, and
dream it over again;
I heard the poor thief sorrowing for the dead
self he had slain.

I'll never forget that bitter dawn, so evil, askew
and gray,
When they wrapped me round in the skins of
beasts and they bore me to a sleigh,
And we started out with the nearest post an
hundred miles away.

I'll never forget the trail they broke, with its
tense, unuttered woe;
And the crunch, crunch, crunch as their snow-
shoes sank through the crust of the hollow
snow;
And my breath would fail, and every beat of my
heart was like a blow.

And oftentimes I would die the death, yet wake
up to life anew;
The sun would be all ablaze on the waste, and
the sky a blighting blue,
And the tears would rise in my snow-blind eyes
and furrow my cheeks like dew.

And the camps we made when their strength out-
played, and the day was pinched and wan;
And oh, the joy of that blessed halt, and how I
did dread the dawn;
And how I hated the weary men who rose and
dragged me on.

And oh, how I begged to rest, to rest—the snow
was so sweet a shroud;
And oh, how I cried when they urged me on,
cried and cursed them aloud;
Yet on they strained, all racked and pained, and
sorely their backs were bowed.

And then it was all like a lurid dream, and I
prayed for a swift release
From the ruthless ones who would not leave me
to die alone in peace;
Till I wakened up, and I found myself at the
post of the Mounted Police.

And there was my friend the murderer, and there
was my friend the thief,
With bracelets of steel around their wrists, and
wicked beyond belief:
But when they come to God's judgment seat—
may I be allowed the brief.

The Prospector

I STROLLED up old Bonanza, where I staked in
ninety-eight,

A-purpose to revisit the old claim.

I kept thinking mighty sadly of the funny ways
of Fate,

And the lads who once were with me in the
game.

Poor boys, they're down-and-outers, and there's
scarcely one to-day

Can show a dozen colors in his poke;

And me, I'm still prospecting, old and battered,
gaunt and gray,

And I'm looking for a grub-stake, and I'm
broke.

I strolled up old Bonanza. The same old moon
looked down;

The same old landmarks seemed to yearn to
me;

But the cabins all were silent, and the flat, once
like a town,

Was mighty still and lonesome-like to see.

There were piles and piles of tailings where we
toiled with pick and pan,

And turning round a bend I heard a roar;

And there a giant gold-ship of the very newest
plan

Was tearing chunks of pay-dirt from the shore.

It wallowed in its water-bed; it burrowed, heaved
and swung;

It gnawed its way ahead with grunt and sighs;
Its bill of fare was rock and sand; the tailings
were its dung;

It glared around with fierce electric eyes.
Full fifty buckets crammed its maw; it bellowed
out for more;

It looked like some great monster in the gloom.
With two to feed its sateless greed, it worked for
seven score,

And I sighed: "Ah, old-time miner, here's your
doom!"

The idle windlass turns to rust; the sagging
sluice-box falls;

The holes you digged are water to the brim;

Your little sod-roofed cabins with the snugly
moss-chinked walls,

Are deathly now and mouldering and dim.
The battle-field is silent, where of old you fought
it out;

The claims you fiercely won are lost and sold;
But there's a little army that they'll never put
to rout—

The men who simply live to seek the gold.

The men who can't remember when they learned
to swing a pack,

Or in what lawless land the quest began;
The solitary seeker with his grub-stake on his
back,

The restless buccaneer of pick and pan.
On the mesas of the Southland, on the tundras
of the North,

You will find us, changed in face, but still
the same;
And it isn't need, it isn't greed that sends us
faring forth—

It's the fever, it's the glory of the game.

For once you've panned the speckled sand and
seen the bonny dust,

Its peerless brightness blinds you like a spell;

It's little else you care about; you go because
you must,

And you feel that you could follow it to hell.
You'd follow it in hunger, and you'd follow it in
cold;

You'd follow it in solitude and pain;
And when you're stiff and battened down let
someone whisper "Gold,"
You're lief to rise and follow it again.

Yet look you, if I find the stuff it's just like so
much dirt;

I fling it to the four winds like a child.
It's wine and painted women and the things that
do me hurt,

Till I crawl back, beggared, broken, to the
Wild.

Till I crawl back, sapped and sodden, to my
grub-stake and my tent;

There's a city, there's an army (hear them
shout).

There's the gold in millions, millions, but I
haven't got a cent;

And oh, it's me, it's me that found it out.

It was my dream that made it good; my dream
that made me go

To lands of dread and death disprized of man.

But oh, I've known a glory that their hearts will
never know

When I picked the first big nugget from my
pan.

It's still my dream, my dauntless dream that
drives me forth once more,

To seek and starve and suffer in the Vast;
That heaps my heart with eager hope, that
glimmers on before—

My dream that will uplift me to the last.

Perhaps I am stark crazy, but there's none of
you too sane;

It's just a little matter of degree.

My hobby is to hunt out gold; it's fortified in
my brain;

It's life and love and wife and home to me.
And I'll strike it, yes, I'll strike it; I've a hunch
I cannot fail;

I've a vision, I've a prompting, I've a call;
I hear the hoarse stampeding of an army on my
trail,

To the last, the greatest gold camp of them all.

Beyond the shark-tooth ranges sawing savage at
the sky

There's a lowering land no white man ever
struck;

There's gold, there's gold in millions, and I'll
find it if I die,

And I'm going there once more to try my luck.
Maybe I'll fail—what matter? It's a mandate,
it's a vow;

And when in lands of dreariness and dread
You seek the last lone frontier, far beyond your
frontiers now,

You will find the old prospector, silent, dead.

*You will find a tattered tent-pole with a ragged
robe below it;*

*You will find a rusted gold-pan on the sod;
You will find the claim I'm seeking, with my
bones as stakes to show it;*

*But I've sought the last Recorder, and He's—
God.*

The Black Sheep

"The aristocratic ne'er-do-well in Canada frequently finds his way into the ranks of the Royal North-West Mounted Police."—*Extract.*

HARK to the ewe that bore him:

"What has muddled the strain?

Never his brothers before him

Showed the hint of a stain."

Hark to the tups and wethers;

Hark to the old gray ram:

"We're all of us white, but he's black as night,

And he'll never be worth a damn."

I'm up on the bally wood-pile at the back of the
barracks yard;

"A damned disgrace to the force, sir," with a
comrade standing guard;

Making the bluff I'm busy, doing my six months
hard.

“Six months hard and dismissed, sir.” Isn’t
that rather hell?

And all because of the liquor laws and the wiles
of a native belle—

Some “hooch” I gave to a Siwash brave who
swore that he wouldn’t tell.

At least they *say* that I did it. It’s so in the
town report.

All that I can recall is a night of revel and sport,
When I woke with a “head” in the guard-room,
and they dragged me sick into court.

And the O. C. said: “You are guilty,” and I said
never a word;

For, hang it, you see I couldn’t—I didn’t know
what had occurred,

And, under the circumstances, denial would be
absurd.

But the one that cooked my bacon was Grubbe
of the City Patrol.

He fagged for my room at Eton, and didn’t I
devil his soul!

And now he is getting even, landing me down in
the hole.

Plugging away on the wood-pile; doing chores
round the square.

There goes an officer's lady—gives me a haughty
stare—

Me that's an earl's own nephew—that is the
hardest to bear.

To think of the poor old mater awaiting her
prodigal son.

Tho' I broke her heart with my folly, I was al-
ways the white-haired one.

(That fatted calf that they're cooking will
surely be overdone.)

I'll go back and yarn to the Bishop; I'll dance
with the village belle;

I'll hand round tea to the ladies and everything
will be well.

Where I have been won't matter; what I have
seen I won't tell.

I'll soar to their ken like a comet. They'll see
me with never a stain;

But will they reform me?—far from it. We pay
for our pleasure with pain;

But the dog will return to his vomit, the hog to
his wallow again.

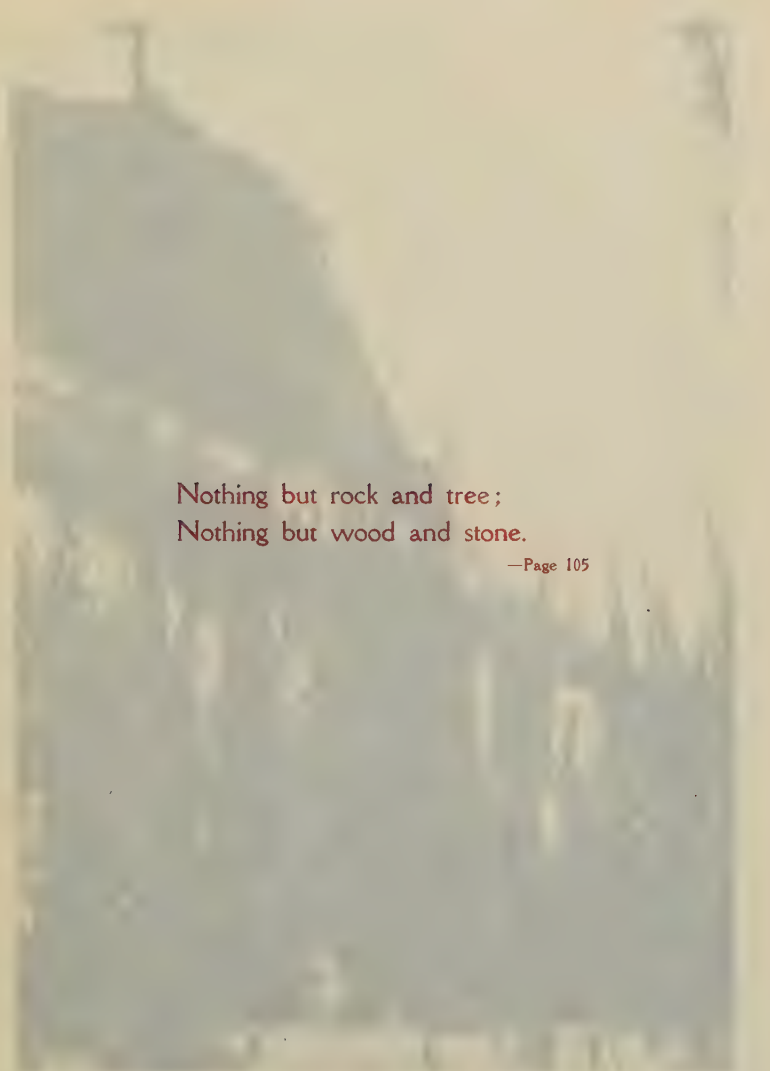
I've chewed on the rind of creation, and bitter
I've tasted the same;
Stacked up against hell and damnation, I've
managed to stay in the game;
I've had my moments of sorrow; I've had my
seasons of shame.

That's past; when one's nature's a cracked one,
it's too jolly hard to mend.
So long as the road is level so long as I've cash
to spend,
I'm bound to go to the devil, and it's all the same
in the end.

The bugle is sounding for stables; the men troop
off through the gloom;
An orderly laying the tables sings in the bright
mess-room.
(I'll wash in the prison bucket, and brush with
the prison broom.)

I'll lie in my cell and listen; I'll wish that I
couldn't hear
The laugh and the chaff of the fellows swigging
the canteen beer;
The nasal tone of the gramophone playing "The
Bandolier."

And it seems to me, though it's misty, that night
of the flowing bowl,
That the man who potlatched the whiskey and
landed me into the hole
*Was Grubbe, that unmerciful bounder, Grubbe,
of the City Patrol.*



Nothing but rock and tree;
Nothing but wood and stone.

—Page 105

1871
The first of the year was a very dry one, and the crops were much injured. The weather was very hot, and the crops were much injured. The weather was very hot, and the crops were much injured. The weather was very hot, and the crops were much injured.

and the first of the year was a very dry one, and the crops were much injured. The weather was very hot, and the crops were much injured. The weather was very hot, and the crops were much injured.



The Telegraph Operator

I WILL not wash my face;
I will not brush my hair;
I "pig" around the place—
There's nobody to care.
Nothing but rock and tree;
Nothing but wood and stone;
Oh Gođ, it's hell to be
Alone, alone, alone.

Snow-peaks and deep-gashed draws
Corral me in a ring.
I feel as if I was
The only living thing
On all this blighted earth;
And so I frowst and shrink,
And crouching by my hearth,
I hear the thoughts I think.

I think of all I miss—

The boys I used to know;
The girls I used to kiss;
The coin I used to blow;
The bars I used to haunt;
The racket and the row;
The beers I didn't want
(I wish I had 'em now).

Day after day the same,

Only a little worse;
No one to grouch or blame—
Oh, for a loving curse!
Oh, in the night I fear,
Haunted by nameless things,
Just for a voice to cheer,
Just for a hand that clings!

Faintly as from a star

Voices come o'er the line;
Voices of ghosts afar,
Not in this world of mine.
Lives in whose loom I grope;
Words in whose weft I hear
Eager the thrill of hope,
Awful the chill of fear.

I'm thinking out aloud;
 I reckon that is bad;
 (The snow is like a shroud)—
 Maybe I'm going mad.
 Say! wouldn't that be tough?
 This awful hush that hugs
 And chokes one is enough
 To make a man go "bugs."

There's not a thing to do;
 I cannot sleep at night;
 No wonder I'm so blue;
 Oh, for a friendly fight!
 The din and rush of strife;
 A music-hall aglow;
 A crowd, a city, life—
 Dear God, I miss it so!

Here, you have moped enough!
 Brace up and play the game!
 But say, it's awful tough—
 Day after day the same.
 (I've said that twice, I bet).
 Well, there's not much to say.
 I wish I had a pet,
 Or something I could play.

Cheer up! don't get so glum
And sick of everything;
The worst is yet to come;
God help you till the Spring.
God shield you from the Fear;
Teach you to laugh, not moan.
Ha! ha! it sounds so queer—
Alone, alone, alone.

The Wood-Cutter

*THE sky is like an envelope,
 One of those blue official things;
 And, sealing it, to mock our hope,
 The moon, a silver wafer, clings.
 What shall we find when death gives leave
 To read—our sentence or reprieve?*

I'm holding it down on God's scrap-pile, up on
 the fag-end of earth;
 O'er me a menace of mountains, a river that
 grits at my feet;
 Face to face with my soul-self, weighing my life
 at its worth;
 Wondering what I was made for, here in my
 last retreat.

Last! Ah, yes, it's the finish. Have ever you
heard a man cry?

(Sobs that rake him and rend him, right from
the base of the chest.)

That's how I've cried, oh, so often; and now
that my tears are dry,

I sit in the desolate quiet and wait for the
infinite Rest.

2

Rest! Well, it's restful around me; it's quiet
clean to the core.

The mountains pose in their ermine, in golden
the hills are clad;

The big, blue, silt-freighted Yukon seethes by my
cabin door,

And I think it's only the river that keeps me
from going mad.

By day it's ruthless monster, a callous, insatiate
thing,

With oily bubble and eddy, with sudden swirl-
ing of breast;

By night it's a writhing Titan, sullenly murmur-
ing,

Ever and ever goaded, and ever crying for
rest.

It cries for its human tribute, but me it will
never drown.

I've learned the lore of my river; my river
obeys me well.

I hew and I launch my cordwood, and raft it to
Dawson town,
Where wood means wine and women, and,
incidentally, hell.

Hell and anguish thereafter. Here as I sit
alone

I'd give the life I have left me to lighten some
load of care.

(The bitterest part of the bitter is being denied
to atone;

Lips that have mocked at Heaven lend them-
selves ill to prayer.)

*Impotent as a beetle pierced on the needle of
Fate;*

*A wretch in a cosmic death cell, peaks for my
prison bars;*

*Whelmed by a world stupendous, lonely and list-
less I wait,*

*Drowned in a sea of silence, strewn with con-
fetti of stars.*

See! from far up the valley a rapier pierces the
night,

The white search-ray of a steamer; swiftly,
serenely it nears;

A proud, white, alien presence, a glittering
galley of light,

Confident-poised, triumphant, freighted with
hopes and fears.

I look as one looks on a vision; I see it pulsating
by;

I glimpse joy-radiant faces; I hear the thresh
of the wheel.

Hoof-like my heart beats a moment; then silence
swoops from the sky;

Darkness is piled upon darkness. God only
knows how I feel.

Maybe you've seen me sometimes; maybe you've
pitied me then—

The lonely waif of the wood-camp, here by my
cabin door.

Some day you'll look and see not; futile and out-
cast of men,

I shall be far from your pity, resting forever-
more.

*My life was a problem in ciphers, a weary and
profitless sum.*

*Slipshod and stupid I worked it, dazed by
negation and doubt.*

*Ciphers the total confronts me. O Death, with
thy moistened thumb,*

*Stoop like a petulant schoolboy, wipe me for-
ever out!*

The Song of the Mouth Organ

(With apologies to the singer of the "Song of the Banjo.")

I'M a homely little bit of tin and bone;
I'm beloved by the Legion of the Lost;
I haven't got a "vox humana" tone,
And a dime or two will satisfy my cost.
I don't attempt your high-falutin' flights;
I am more or less uncertain on the key;
But I tell you, boys, there's lots and lots of nights
When you've taken mighty comfort out of me.

I weigh an ounce or two, and I'm so small
You can pack me in the pocket of your vest;
And when at night so wearily you crawl
Into your bunk and stretch your limbs to rest,
You take me out and play me soft and low,
The simple songs that trouble your heart-strings;
The tunes you used to fancy long ago,
Before you made a rotten mess of things.

Then a dreamy look will come into your eyes,
And you break off in the middle of a note;
And then, with just the dreariest of sighs,
You drop me in the pocket of your coat.
But somehow I have bucked you up a bit;
And, as you turn around and face the wall,
You don't feel quite so spineless and unfit—
You're not so bad a fellow after all.

Do you recollect the bitter Arctic night;
Your camp beside the canyon on the trail;
Your tent a tiny square of orange light;
The moon above consumptive-like and pale;
Your supper cooked, your little stove aglow;
You tired, but snug and happy as a child?
Then 'twas "Turkey in the Straw" till your lips
were nearly raw,
And you hurled your bold defiance at the Wild.

Do you recollect the flashing, lashing pain;
The gulf of humid blackness overhead;
The lightning making rapiers of the rain;
The cattle-horns like candles of the dead;
You sitting on your bronco there alone,
In your slicker, saddle-sore and sick with cold?
Do you think the silent herd did not hear "The
Mocking Bird,"
Or relish "Silver Threads among the Gold"?

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Do you recollect the wild Magellan coast;
The head-winds and the icy, roaring seas;
The nights you thought that everything was lost;
The days you toiled in water to your knees;
The frozen ratlines shrieking in the gale;
The hissing steeps and gulfs of livid foam:
When you cheered your messmates nine with
 "Ben Bolt" and "Clementine,"
And "Dixie Land" and "Seeing Nellie
Home"?

Let the jammy banjo voice the Younger Son,
Who waits for his remittance to arrive;
I represent the grimy, gritty one,
Who sweats his bones to keep himself alive;
Who's up against the real thing from his birth;
Whose heritage is hard and bitter toil;
I voice the weary, smeary ones of earth,
The helots of the sea and of the soil.

I'm the Steinway of strange mischief and mis-
 chance;
I'm the Stradivarius of blank defeat;
In the down-world, when the devil leads the
 dance,
I am simply and symbolically meet;

I'm the irrepressive spirit of mankind;
I'm the small boy playing knuckle-down with
Death;
At the end of all things known, where God's
rubbish-heap is thrown,
I shrill impudent triumph at a breath.

I'm a humble little bit of tin and horn;
I'm a byeword, I'm a plaything, I'm a jest;
The virtuoso looks on me with scorn;
But there's times when I am better than the
best.

Ask the stoker and the sailor of the sea;
Ask the mucker and the hewer of the pine;
Ask the herder of the plain, ask the gleaner of
the grain—
There's a lowly, loving kingdom—and it's
mine.

The Trail of Ninety-Eight

I.

GOLD! We leapt from our benches. Gold! We
sprang from our stools.

Gold! We wheeled in the furrow, fired with the
faith of fools.

Fearless, unfound, unfitted, far from the night
and the cold,

Heard we the clarion summons, followed the
master-lure—Gold!

Men from the sands of the Sunland; men from
the woods of the West;

Men from the farms and the cities, into the
Northland we pressed.

Greybeards and striplings and women, good men
and bad men and bold,

Leaving our homes and our loved ones, crying
exultantly—"Gold!"

Never was seen such an army, pitiful, futile, unfit;
Never was seen such a spirit, manifold courage
and grit;
Never has been such a cohort under one banner
enrolled,
As surged to the ragged-edged Arctic, urged by
the arch-tempter—Gold.

“Farewell,” we cried to our dearests; little we
cared for their tears.
“Farewell,” we cried to the humdrum and the
yoke of the hireling years;
Just like a pack of school-boys, and the big
crowd cheered us good-bye.
Never were hearts so uplifted, never were hopes
so high.

The spectral shores flitted past us, and every
whirl of the screw
Hurled us nearer to fortune, and ever we planned
what we'd do—
Do with the gold when we got it—big, shiny
nuggets like plums,
There in the sand of the river, gouging it out
with our thumbs.

And one man wanted a castle, another a racing
stud;
A third would cruise in a palace yacht like a red-
necked prince of blood.
And so we dreamed and we vaunted, millionaires
to a man,
Leaping to wealth in our visions long ere the
trail began.

II.

We landed in wind-swept Skagway. We joined
the weltering mass,
Clamoring over their outfits, waiting to climb
the Pass.
We tightened our girths and our pack-straps; we
linked on the Human Chain,
Struggling up to the summit, where every step
was a pain.

Gone was the joy of our faces; grim and haggard
and pale;
The heedless mirth of the shipboard was changed
to the care of the trail.
We flung ourselves in the struggle, packing our
grub in relays,
Step by step to the summit in the bale of the
winter days.

We tightened our girths and our pack-straps; we
linked on the Human Chain,
Struggling up to the summit, where every step was
a pain.

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and our men wanted a castle, another a racing
yacht, a third a palace yacht like a red-
head, and the fourth, the vaunted, millionaires
and the rest of our visions long ere the
winter days.

II.

We lightened our gifts and our hearts
linked on the Human Chain,
struggling up to the summit where every step was
a pain.

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linked on the Human Chain,
was a pain.

and pale;

to the care of the trail.

grab in relays,

winter days.



Floundering deep in the sump-holes, stumbling
out again;
Crying with cold and weakness, crazy with fear
and pain.
Then from the depths of our travail, ere our
spirits were broke,
Grim, tenacious and savage, the lust of the trail
awoke.

“ Klondike or bust!” rang the slogan; every man
for his own.

Oh, how we flogged the horses, staggering skin
and bone!

Oh, how we cursed their weakness, anguish they
could not tell,

Breaking their hearts in our passion, lashing
them on till they fell!

For grub meant gold to our thinking, and all that
could walk must pack;

The sheep for the shambles stumbled, each with
a load on its back;

And even the swine were burdened, and grunted
and squealed and rolled,

And men went mad in the moment, huskily
clamoring “ Gold!”

Oh, we were brutes and devils, goaded by lust
and fear!

Our eyes were strained to the Summit; the weak-
lings dropped to the rear,

Falling in heaps by the trail-side, heart-broken,
limp and wan;

But the gaps closed up in an instant, and heed-
less the chain went on.

Never will I forget it, there on the mountain
face,

Antlike, men with their burdens, clinging in icy
space;

Dogged, determined and dauntless, cruel and
callous and cold,

Cursing, blaspheming, reviling, and ever that
battle-cry—"Gold!"

Thus toiled we, the army of fortune, in hunger
and hope and despair,

Till glacier, mountain and forest vanished, and
radiantly fair

There at our feet lay Lake Bennett, and down to
its welcome we ran:

The trail of the land was over, the trail of the
water began.

III.

We built our boats and we launched them. Never
has been such a fleet;

A packing-case for a bottom, a mackinaw for a
sheet.

Shapeless, grotesque, lopsided, flimsy, makeshift
and crude,

Each man after his fashion builded as best he
could.

Each man worked like a demon, as prow to rudder
we raced;

The winds of the Wild cried "Hurry," the voice
of the waters, "Haste."

We hated those driving before us; we dreaded
those pressing behind;

We cursed the slow current that bore us; we
prayed to the God of the wind.

Spring! and the hillsides flourished, vivid in
jeweled green;

Spring! and our hearts' blood nourished envy
and hatred and spleen.

Little cared we for the Spring-birth; much cared
we to get on—

Stake in the Great White Channel, stake ere the
best be gone.

The greed of the gold possessed us; pity and
love were forgot;
Covetous visions obsessed us; brother with
brother fought.
Partner with partner wrangled, each one claim-
ing his due;
Wrangled and halved their outfits, sawing their
boats in two.

Thuswise we voyaged Lake Bennett, Tagish,
then Windy Arm,
Sinister, savage and baleful, boding us hate and
harm.
Many a scow was shattered, there on that iron
shore;
Many a heart was broken, straining at sweep
and oar.

We roused Lake Marsh with a chorus, we drifted
many a mile;
There was the canyon before us—cave-like its
dark defile;
The shores swept faster and faster; the river
narrowed to wrath;
Waters that hissed disaster reared upright in our
path.

Beneath us the green tumult churning, above us
the cavernous gloom;

Around us, swift twisting and turning, the black,
sullen walls of a tomb.

We spun like a chip in a mill-race; our hearts
hammered under the test;

Then—oh, the relief on each chill face!—we
soared into sunlight and rest.

Hand sought for hand on the instant. Cried we:
“Our troubles are o’er.”

Then, like a rumble of thunder, heard we a
canorous roar.

Leaping and boiling and seething, saw we a
cauldron afume;

There was the rage of the rapids, there was the
menace of doom.

The river springs like a racer, sweeps through a
gash in the rock;

Butts at the boulder-ribbed bottom, staggers and
rears at the shock;

Leaps like a terrified monster, writhes in its fury
and pain;

Then with the crash of a demon springs to the
onset again.

Dared we that ravening terror; heard we its din
in our ears;
Called on the God of our fathers, juggled for-
lorn with our fears;
Sank to our waists in its fury, tossed to the sky
like a fleece;
Then, when our dread was the greatest, crashed
into safety and peace.

But what of the others that followed, losing their
boats by the score?
Well could we see them and hear them, strung
down that desolate shore.
What of the poor souls that perished? Little of
them shall be said—
On to the Golden Valley, pause not to bury the
dead.

Then there were days of drifting, breezes soft as
a sigh;
Night trailed her robe of jewels over the floor of
the sky.
The moonlit stream was a python, silver, sinuous,
vast,
That writhed on a shroud of velvet—well, it was
done at last.

There were the tents of Dawson, there the scar
of the slide;

Swiftly we poled o'er the shallows, swiftly leapt
o'er the side.

Fires fringed the mouth of Bonanza; sunset
gilded the dome;

The test of the trail was over—thank God, thank
God, we were Home!

Clancy of the Mounted Police

IN the little Crimson Manual it's written plain
and clear
That who would wear the scarlet coat shall say
good-bye to fear;
Shall be a guardian of the right, a sleuth-hound
of the trail—
In the little Crimson Manual there's no such
word as "fail"—
Shall follow on though heavens fall, or hell's
top-turrets freeze,
Half round the world, if need there be, on bleed-
ing hands and knees.
It's duty, duty, first and last, the Crimson
Manual saith;
The Scarlet Rider makes reply: "It's duty—to
the death."
And so they sweep the solitudes, free men from
all the earth;

And so they sentinel the woods, the wilds that
know their worth;

And so they scour the startled plains and mock
at hurt and pain,

And read their Crimson Manual, and find their
duty plain.

Knights of the lists of unrenown, born of the
frontier's need,

Disdainful of the spoken word, exultant in the
deed;

Unconscious heroes of the waste, proud players
of the game;

Props of the power behind the Throne, upholders
of the name:

For thus the Great White Chief hath said, "In
all my lands be peace,"

And to maintain his word he gave his West the
Scarlet Police.

Livid-lipped was the valley, still as the grave of
God;

Misty shadows of mountain thinned into mists
of cloud;

Corpselike and stark was the land, with a quiet
that crushed and awed,

And the stars of the weird Sub-arctic glim-
mered over its shroud.

Deep in the trench of the valley two men stationed the Post,
Seymour and Clancy the reckless, fresh from
the long patrol;
Seymour, the sergeant, and Clancy, Clancy who
made his boast
He could cinch like a broncho the Northland,
and cling to the prongs of the Pole.

Two lone men on detachment, standing for law
on the trail;
Undismayed in the vastness, wise with the
wisdom of old—
Ours of the night hailed a half-breed, telling a
pitiful tale,
“White man starving and crazy on the banks
of the Nordenscold.”

Up sprang the red-haired Clancy, lean and eager
of eye;
Loaded the long toboggan, strapped each dog
at its post;
Whirled his lash at the leader; then, with a
whoop and a cry,
Into the Great White Silence faded away like
a ghost.

The clouds were a misty shadow, the hills were
a shadowy mist;
Sunless, voiceless and pulseless, the day was a
dream of woe
Through the ice-rifts the river smoked and
bubbled and hissed;
Behind was a trail fresh broken, in front the
untrodden snow.

Ahead of the dogs ploughed Clancy, haloed by
steaming breath;
Through peril of open water, through ache of
insensate cold;
Up rivers wantonly winding in a land affianced
to death,
Till he came to a cowering cabin on the banks
of the Nordenscold.

Then Clancy loosed his revolver, and he strode
through the open door;
And there was the man he sought for, crouch-
ing beside the fire;
The hair of his beard was singeing, the frost on
his back was hoar,
And ever he crooned and chanted as if he never
would tire:

*"I panned and I panned in the shiny sand, and
I sniped on the river bar;
But I know, I know, that it's down below that
the golden treasures are;
So I'll wait and wait till the floods abate, and I'll
sink a shaft once more,
And I'd like to bet that I'll go home yet with a
brass band playing on before."*

He was nigh as thin as a sliver, and he whined
like a moose-hide cur;
So Clancy clothed him and nursed him as a
mother nurses a child;
Lifted him on the toboggan, wrapped him in
robes of fur,
Then with the dogs sore straining, started to
face the Wild.

Said the Wild: "I will crush this Clancy, so
fearless and insolent;
For him will I loose my fury, and blind and
buffet and beat;
Pile up my snows to stay him; then when his
strength is spent,
Leap on him from my ambush and crush him
under my feet.

“Him will I ring with my silence, compass him
with my cold;

Closer and closer clutch him unto mine icy
breast;

Buffet him with my blizzards, deep in my snow
enfold,

Claiming his life as my tribute, giving my
wolves the rest.”

Clancy crawled through the vastness; o’er him
the hate of the Wild;

Full on his face fell the blizzard; cheering his
huskies he ran;

Fighting, fierce-hearted and tireless, snows that
drifted and piled,

With ever and ever behind him singing the
crazy man:

“Sing hey, sing ho, for the ice and snow,

And a heart that’s ever merry;

Let us trim and square with a lover’s care

(For why should a man be sorry?)

A grave deep, deep, with the moon a-peep,

A grave in the frozen mould.

Sing hey, sing ho, for the winds that blow,

And a grave deep down in the ice and snow,

A grave in the land of gold.”

Day after day of darkness, the whirl of the seething
 snows;

Day after day of blindness, the swoop of the
 stinging blast;

On through a blur of fury, the swing of staggering
 blows;

On through a world of turmoil, empty, inane
 and vast.

Night with its writhing storm-whirl, night despairingly
 black;

Night with its hours of terror, numb and endlessly
 long;

Night with its weary waiting, fighting the
 shadows back,

And ever the crouching madman singing his
 crazy song.

Cold with its creeping terror, cold with its sudden
 clinch;

Cold so utter you wonder if 'twill ever again
 be warm;

Clancy grinned as he shuddered, "Surely it
 isn't a cinch

Being wet-nurse to a looney in the teeth of an
 Arctic storm."

The blizzard passed and the dawn broke, knife-
edged and crystal-clear;

The sky was a blue-domed iceberg, sunshine
outlawed away;

Ever by snowslide and ice-rip haunted and
hovered the Fear;

Ever the Wild malignant poised and panted
to slay.

The lead-dog freezes in harness—cut him out of
the team!

The lung of the wheel-dog's bleeding—shoot
him and let him lie;

On and on with the others—lash them until they
scream;

“Pull for your lives, you devils! On! To
halt is to die.”

There in the frozen vastness Clancy fought with
his foes;

The ache of the stiffened fingers, the cut of the
snowshoe thong;

Cheeks black-raw through the hood-flap, eyes
that tingled and closed;

And ever to urge and cheer him quavered the
madman's song.

Colder it grew and colder, till the last heat left
the earth,

And there in the great stark stillness the bale
fires glinted and gleamed,

And the Wild all around exulted and shook with
a devilish mirth,

And life was far and forgotten, the ghost of a
joy once dreamed.

Death! And one who defied it, a man of the
Mounted Police;

Fought it there to a standstill long after hope
was gone;

Grinned through his bitter anguish, fought with-
out let or cease,

Suffering, straining, striving, stumbling,
struggling on.

Till the dogs lay down in their traces, and rose
and staggered and fell;

Till the eyes of him dimmed with shadows, and
the trail was so hard to see;

Till the Wild howled out triumphant, and the
world was a frozen hell—

Then said Constable Clancy: "I guess that
it's up to me."

Far down the trail they saw him, and his hands
 they were blanched like bone;
 His face was a blackened horror, from his eye-
 lids the salt rheum ran;
 His feet he was lifting strangely, as if they were
 made of stone,
 But safe in his arms, and sleeping, he carried
 the crazy man.

So Clancy got into Barracks, and the boys made
 rather a scene;
 And the O. C. called him a hero, and was nice
 as a man could be;
 But Clancy gazed down his trousers at the place
 where his toes had been,
 And then he howled like a husky, and sang in
 a shaky key:

*“ When I go back to the old love that’s true to the
 finger-tips,
 I’ll say: ‘ Here’s bushels of gold, love,’ and I’ll
 kiss my girl on the lips;
 ‘ It’s yours to have and to hold, love.’ It’s the
 proud, proud boy I will be,
 When I go back to the old love that’s waited so
 long for me.”*

Lost

*"BLACK is the sky, but the land is white—
 (O, the wind, the snow and the storm).
 Father, where is our boy to-night?
 Pray to God he is safe and warm."*

*"Mother, mother, why should you fear?
 Safe is he, and the Arctic moon
 Over his cabin shines so clear—
 Rest and sleep, 'twill be morning soon."*

*"It's getting dark awful sudden. Say, this is
 mighty queer!
 Where in the world have I got to? It's still
 and black as a tomb.
 I reckoned the camp was yonder, I figured the
 trail was here—
 Nothing! just draw and valley packed with
 quiet and gloom;
 Snow that comes down like feathers, thick and
 gobby and grey;*

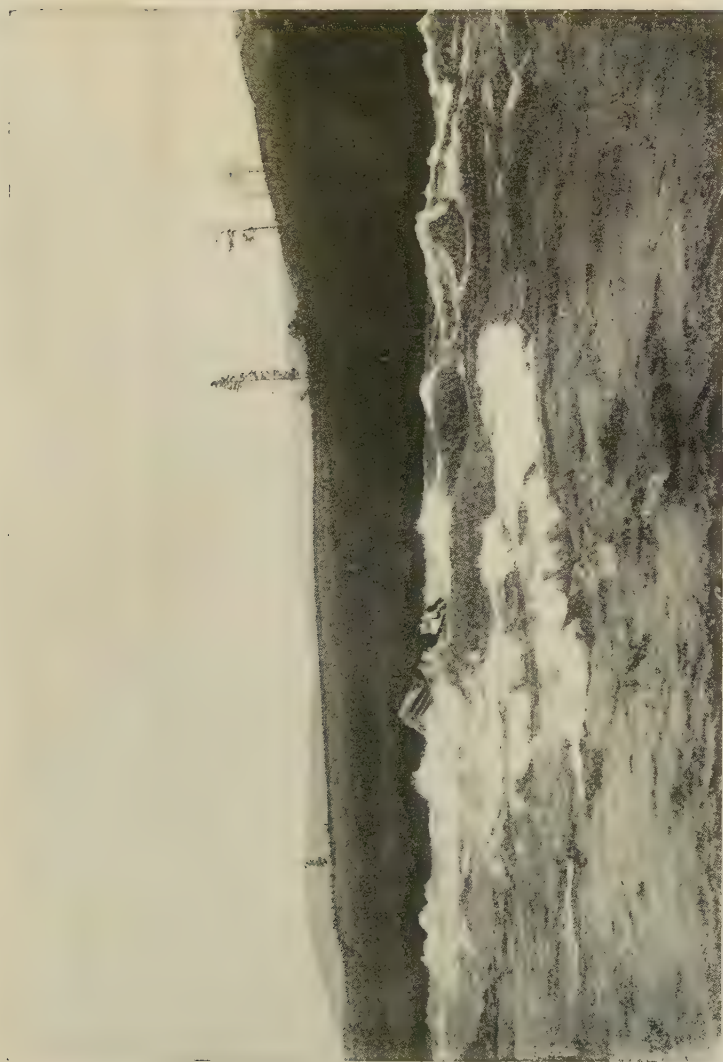
There was the rage of the rapids.

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Rest

"BLACK is the sea, but the land is white—
(O, the rain, the snow and the storm).
Father, where will you be to-night?
Pray to the Lord, 'tis safe and warm."

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Night that looks spiteful ugly—seems that I've
lost my way.

“The cold's got an edge like a jack-knife—it
must be forty below;

Leastways that's what it seems like—it cuts so
fierce to the bone.

The wind's getting real ferocious; it's heaving
and whirling the snow;

It swings with a howl of fury, it dies away to
a moan;

Its arms sweep around like a banshee's, swift
and icily white,

And buffet and blind and beat me. Lord! It's a
hell of a night!

“I'm all tangled up in a blizzard. There's
only one thing to do—

Keep on moving and moving; it's death, it's
death if I rest.

Oh, God! if I see the morning, if only I struggle
through,

I'll say the prayers I've forgotten since I lay
on my mother's breast.

I seem going round in a circle; maybe the camp
is near,

Say! Did somebody holler? Was it a light
I saw?

Or was it only a notion? I'll shout, and maybe
they'll hear—

No! the wind only drowns me—shout till my
throat is raw.

“The boys are all round the camp-fire wondering
when I'll be back.

They'll soon be starting to seek me, they'll
scarcely wait for the light.

What will they find, I wonder, when they come
to the end of my track—

A hand stuck out of a snowdrift, frozen and
stiff and white?

That's what they'll strike, I reckon; that's how
they'll find their pard,

A pie-faced corpse in a snowbank—curse you,
don't be a fool!

Play the game to the finish; bet on your very
last card;

Nerve yourself for the struggle. Oh, you
coward, keep cool!

“I'm going to lick this blizzard; I'm going to
live the night.

It can't down me with its bluster—I'm not the
kind to be beat.

On hands and knees will I buck it; with every
breath will I fight;

It's life, it's life that I fight for—never it
seemed so sweet.

I know that my face is frozen; my hands are
numblike and dead;

But oh, my feet keep a-moving, heavy and hard
and slow;

They're trying to kill me, kill me, the night that's
black overhead,

The wind that cuts like a razor, the whipcord
lash of the snow.

Keep a-moving, a-moving; don't, don't stumble,
you fool!

Curse this snow that's a-piling a-purpose to
block my way.

It's heavy as gold in the rocker, it's white and
fleecy as wool;

It's soft as a bed of feathers, it's warm as a
stack of hay.

Curse on my feet that slip so, my poor, tired,
stumbling feet;

I guess they're a job for the surgeon, they feel
so queerlike to lift.

I'll rest them just for a moment—oh, but to rest
is sweet;

The awful wind cannot get me, deep, deep
down in the drift."

*“ Father, a bitter cry I heard,
Out of the night so dark and wild.
Why is my heart so strangely stirred?
'Twas like the voice of our erring child.”*

*“ Mother, mother, you only heard
A waterfowl in the locked lagoon;
Out of the night a wounded bird—
Rest and sleep, 'twill be morning soon.”*

*“ Who is it talks of sleeping? I'll swear that
somebody shook
Me hard by the arm for a moment, but how
on earth could it be?
See how my feet are moving—awfully funny they
look—
Moving as if they belonged to a someone that
wasn't me.
The wind down the night's long alley bowls me
down like a pin;
I stagger and fall and stagger, crawl arm-deep
in the snow.
Beaten back to my corner, how can I hope to
win?
And there is the blizzard waiting to give me
the knockout blow.*

“ Oh, I’m so warm and sleepy; no more hunger
and pain.

Just to rest for a moment; was ever rest such
a joy?

Ha, what was that? I’ll swear it! Somebody
shook me again;

Somebody seemed to whisper: “ Fight to the
last, my boy.”

Fight! that’s right, I must struggle. I know
that to rest means death.

Death! but then what does death mean?—ease
from a world of strife.

Life has been none too pleasant; yet with my
failing breath

Still and still must I struggle, fight for the
gift of life.

* * * * *

Seems that I must be dreaming; here is the old
home trail;

Yonder a light is gleaming; oh, I know it so
well!

The air is scented with clover; the cattle wait
by the rail;

Father is through with the milking; there goes
the supper bell.

* * * * *

Mother, your boy is crying, out in the night and
cold;

Let me in and forgive me, I'll never be bad
any more;

I'm oh, so sick and so sorry; please, dear mother,
don't scold—

It's just your boy, and he wants you
Mother, open the door. . . ."

* * * * *

*"Father, father, I saw a face
Pressed just now to the window-pane!
Oh, it gazed for a moment's space,
Wild and wan, and was gone again."*

*"Mother, mother, you saw the snow
Drifted down from the maple tree.
(Oh, the wind that is sobbing so—
Weary and worn and old are we)—
Only the snow and a wounded loon—
Rest and sleep, 'twill be morning soon."*

L'Envoi

We talked of yesteryears, of trails and treasure,
Of men who played the game and lost or won;
Of mad stampedes, of toil beyond all measure,
Of campfire comfort when the day was done.
We talked of sullen nights by moon-dogs haunted,
Of bird and beast and tree, of rod and gun;
Of boat and tent, of hunting trip enchanted
Beneath the wonder of the midnight sun;
Of bloody-footed dogs that gnawed the traces,
Of prisoned seas, wind-lashed and winter-
locked:

The ice-grey dawn was pale upon our faces,
Yet still we filled the cup and still we talked.

The city street was dimmed. We saw the glitter
Of moon-picked brilliants on the virgin snow,
And down the drifted canyon heard the bitter
Relentless slogan of the winds of woe.

The city was forgot, and parka-skirted

We trod that leagueless land that once we
knew;

We saw stream past down valleys glacier-girted

The wolf-worn legions of the caribou.

We smoked our pipes, o'er scenes of triumph
dwelling;

Of deeds of daring, dire defeats we talked;
And other tales that lost not in the telling,
Ere to our beds uncertainly we walked.

And so, dear friends, in gentler valleys roaming,

Perhaps, when on my printed page you look,
Your fancies by the firelight may go homing
To that lone land that haply you forsook.

And if, perchance, you hear the silence calling,
The frozen music of star-yearning heights,
Or, dreaming, see the seines of silver trawling
Across the sky's abyss on vasty nights,

You may recall that sweep of savage splendor,
That land that measures each man at his
worth,

And feel in memory, half fierce, half tender,
The brotherhood of men that know the North.

